

Princip A Elizabeth

POETICAL DICTIONARY;

OR, THE *H Dictionary*

BEAUTIES of the ENGLISH POETS,

ALPHABETICALLY DISPLAYED.

CONTAINING

THE MOST CELEBRATED PASSAGES

in the following Authors, viz.

SHAKESPEAR,
JOHNSON,
DRYDEN,
LEE,
OTWAY,
BEAUMONT,
FLETCHER,
LANSDOWNE,
BUTLER,
SOUTHERNE,
ADDISON,
POPE,
GAY,

GARTH,
ROWE,
YOUNG,
THOMPSON,
MALLET,
ARMSTRONG,
FRANCIS,
WARTON,
WHITEHEAD,
MASON,
GRAY,
AKENSIDE,
SMART, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. NEWBERRY, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER
and Co. T. LONGMAN, T. DAVIS, R. STEVENS, T.
CASLON, J. COOTE, and G. KEARSLEY.

MDCCLXI.

POETICAL DICTIONARY

OF THE

BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY

ALPHABETICALLY DISPLAYED

CONTAINING

THE MOST INTERESTING PASSAGES

IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE



SIX FOUR VOLUMES
VOL. I

LONDON

Printed by J. Richardson, J. Richardson, J. Richardson,
and Col. W. Richardson, J. Richardson, J. Richardson,
Cassell, J. Cassell, and G. Cassell.

INDICIA

THE
P R E F A C E.

POETRY, begotten by Imagination upon Genius, their eldest offspring, preceded all culture; and as it was trained up with the rudest and earliest ages, so has it been the study and amusement of the most polished and enlightened. Some marks of it are to be found even among nations of whose faculties observation obliges us to entertain a most contemptible idea: its footsteps may be traced amidst the snows of Greenland, and through the wildest paths of the American world. The Mexicans, when their territories were first discovered by the Spaniards, though unknown to letters or improvement, were not without a species of verse, in which appeared a vein of poetie inspiration. The seeds of poetry, in the opinion of the immortal Dryden, were implanted in the most barbarous minds; and Milton admits it to be almost coeval with human existence, by introducing our first parents pouring

forth their devotions to the Creator, in hymns.

The first prose writer taken notice of in history, was a Greek, cotemporary with Cyrus the Great; previous to whose reign, some hundreds of years, flourished Homer and Hesiod; and much more antient were the Sybils, Orpheus, Musæus, &c.

The origin of poetry was great and magnificent; for no sooner had man put in exercise those powers of reflection, with which at his birth he was endowed, than he felt an inward acknowledgment of the immensity and omnipotence of that supreme being, to whom he owed his nature and perfections; and that acknowledgment broke forth in numbers of harmony. Thus, like Jove-born Minerva, Poetry, even at her birth, appeared mature, and as it were invested with sovereign power. Her throne was founded upon religion; she thence gave strength to philosophy, form to policy, and regulation to manners. The arts were nurtured and invigorated under her hand; she even softened the rigors of the tumult of war,
and

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and her company was courted by Alexander, Scipio, Julius, and Augustus, in many of their expeditions.

It must be owned a little surprising, that a mode of speaking or writing, restrained by numbers, and bounded by regularity, consequently more tedious and difficult, should have been preferred to prose, which is loose, easy, and free from trammels. A reason is obvious, founded on truth and experience. Precepts, sentiments, or descriptions in verse, are more easily gotten by heart than those in prose, and make a deeper impression on the mind. The pleasures of harmony, and the easiness of numbers composed of feet one rising out of another, smoothe the ruggedness of instruction, and stimulate the memory to recollection. Here we see plainly why verse was elder than prose, and why it was more used before the invention of letters. The same arguments in behalf of its being afterwards every where improved and cherished will hold good.

The greatest antient bards from Homer to Horace, made it a point to mix the *utile dulce*, instruction with delight,

in their compositions; and the latter lays it down as an essential property of the poem. Such a view was sufficient to impress the people with a veneration for the promoters of it; and on this account were they cherished and esteemed by the most ingenious of mankind, as well as the most powerful and wisest of states. Very different had been the case, if the meer intention of poetry had been to amuse; because then it had been too weak to seize the patronage of wisdom and virtue; nor could it ever have reached the heart, the only seat of noble and permanent satisfaction. The intention as well as excellence of the poets labours, procured them to be rewarded with the most respectable denominations, as *priests of virtue, friends to mankind, and champions of morality*; and in the Latin, *priest* and *poet* were synonymous terms. To deserve a continuance of this noble distinction, has been one of the ends proposed to himself from his labours, from the earliest to the present day, by every true son of Parnassus. None of them have ever lost sight of it in developing the passions, painting characters, or de-
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lineating manners, whether particular or general, whether of men or nations. To execute these tasks with a masterly hand, a man must be born a poet; but as he will find all his materials in Nature, she should be his particular study: he must follow her through all her transitions, and thence will he be taught propriety. He will learn to depict the English as heavy and phlegmatic, but deep thinkers, valiant, and generous; the French light, airy, and superficial, but general readers, affable and humane; the Spaniards indolent and proud, with high notions of honour, and inviolable integrity. He will not paint Nestor rash, Ulysses choleric, Achilles patient, nor Ajax a coward. Virtue in his hands will appear in the most amiable light; vice in all its deformity.

As there is no modern language more happily adapted to express the various and delightful styles of poetry than the English, it being not only strong, copious, and energetic, but comprehensive and melodious; fit for the most sublime, sufficiently soft for the tenderest and most simple subjects: so no nation can boast
greater

greater poetical ornaments. Shakespear alone is a proof of this: but we have many others nearly equal to those vaunted of in more sunny climes, and who might have reflected glory on the most esteemed ages of antiquity. Not to be acquainted with their beauties when so very numerous, (as we shall demonstrate,) is an injustice to the nation, and a reflection upon ourselves. In forming a fine taste, and laying a foundation of true elegance, a knowledge of the poets has been always allowed by the best critics to be very essential. If our own furnish us with the most admirable precepts, strong description, elegant thoughts, brilliant wit, and beautiful diction, is not the neglect of them unpardonable? to conquer this neglect, and make the rising generation pay a due tribute to the merits of their countrymen, is one of the ends of this collection. In a nation producing so many writers, it is astonishing a work of this nature should have been so long overlooked; a work that adds to the reputation of their country, by exhibiting, as it were, the essence of her most refined geniuses.

France.

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France and Italy have long since pleaded their title to literary fame, by publications of this nature; as we yield not to them in genius, why should we decline exhibiting an equal claim? Something of this kind has been attempted by Byſhe, in his art of poetry; and one or two others have trod in his ſteps, and copied his imperfections. Their choice of authors has been very injudicious; and two parts out of three of their works are filled with quotations from Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, and other tranſlations of the claſſics. Here we are indeed ſtruck with contrivance, conduct, fancy, ſentiment, and character; but theſe are not the perfections of Dryden and Pope: it is Homer and Virgil we compliment in our admiration; the only merits of our great countrymen that occur, are claſſical knowledge, and talents for ſmooth verſification. It is in their original works, their imitations of nature, and not of men, that we muſt look for that excellence in our moſt celebrated writers, which reflects honour upon the nation, and helps to exemplify its
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literary character. We must seek it in the rapid boldness of Shakespear; the astonishing sublimity of Milton; the unbounded genius of Dryden, and others of our great poets, whose names and some of whose beauties will be found in the ensuing performance; and while they shew the strength of Britain-born talents, they will convince the reader that we can justly boast as bold imagery, as daring metaphors, as warm fancy, as glowing imagination, as spirited language, and a strain of poetry as sublime and enthusiastic, as any nation under heaven.

The various topics in these volumes are arranged in alphabetical order; so that they may be easily found, and the authors name is affixed to each. Here the man of knowledge and erudition will find an index to refresh his memory; the preceptor proper themes to exercise and enrich the mind of his pupil; and knowledge, supported by ornament, will be insensibly conveyed to the young gentleman's heart, who shall reap instruction from amusement. The variety and brevity of the quotations will

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will afford him an inexhaustible fund of pleasure, to which he shall always be induced to return, while perhaps it would be very difficult to engage him to go attentively through a large and connected performance. The editor hopes the work may be also an agreeable present to the ladies, many of whom boast a more refined taste than the generality of the other sex. If in his choice of authors and of passages he has manifested judgment, he is sensible the judicious critic will pay a proper respect to his intention, and he can safely say he has spared no pains in them. Mr. Wilks of Dublin, who sometime since published an entertaining view of the stage, furnished us with some materials from his elegant collection of poets, for which it is necessary here to thank him.

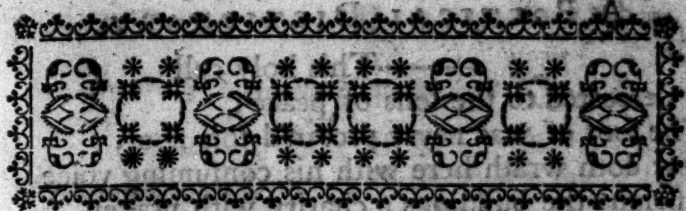
The editor has kept clear of every quotation that favors in the least of obscenity, immorality, or vice: every quotation tends to enforce a contempt of vice; to paint virtue in her most pleasing colours; to promote the love of liberty, patriotism, and religion; and to

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impress a knowledge of the great creator of the universe; a conviction of the obligations humanity lies under to him; and to engraft noble qualifications that set the possessor superior to the glare of fortune, and the splendor of courtly distinction.





A

POETICAL DICTIONARY.

A.

ABB EY.

I AM no enemy to religion ;
But what is done, it is for England's good :
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy abbots, and of full fed friars,—
That neither plough, nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the land, and suck the poor ?
Indeed, these things you have alledg'd, my lord,
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn,
Will curse the time the abbies were pull'd down ;
I pray now where is hospitality ?
Where now may poor distressed people go,
For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limbs ?
And where religious men should take them in,
They'll now be kept back by a mastiff dog.

Shakespear's Cromwell.

——— This holy cell
Is dedicated to the sons of peace ;
The foot of war never profan'd this floor,
Nor doth wrath here with his consuming voice
Affright the buildings ; charity with prayer,
Humility with abstinence combin'd,
Are here the guardians of a griev'd mind.

Hoffman's Tragedy.

—Yonder abbey dank and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring stone,
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.
Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloysters drear ;
Could rove each desolated isle,
Tho' midnight thunders shook the pile ;
And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the light'nings blue)
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels
throng,
And glance with silent sweep, the shaggy vaults
along.

Mason's Odes.

A B D I E L. *His character.*

——— Abdiel was faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he :
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal :
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way, thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd bought :
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd.

Milton's Par. Lost.

His

His encounter with Satan.

——A noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of quick thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee,
His massy spear upstaid: as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half-sunk with all his pines.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

A B E L. *Sacrifices with, and is slain by his brother.*

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth; whereon were sheaves
New reap'd: the other part, sheep-walks and folds:
I'th' midst, an altar, as the land-mark stood;
Rustic, of grassy sod: thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf;
Uncull'd, as came to hand: a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best: then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd:
His off'ring soon propitious fire from heav'n
Consum'd, with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere.
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone,
That beat out life: he fell; and deadly pale
Groan'd out his soul, with gushing blood effus'd!

Milton's Paradise Lost.

ABSENCE.

Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
 Ye trees that fade, when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Pope's Pastorals.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
 For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
 Absence, the best expedient they could find,
 Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind.

Pope's Pastorals.

Fly swift, ye hours, you measure time in vain,
 Till you bring back Leonidas again:
 Be swifter now; and, to redeem that wrong,
 When he and I are met, be twice as long.

Dryden's Marriage Alamode.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love;
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;
 But Delia always: absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Pope's Pastorals.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye:
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thyself to Heav'n, dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God.

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

No,

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
 Ah! come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
 O grace serene! oh virtue, heavenly fair!
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And faith, our early immortality!
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
 Receive, and waft me to eternal rest.

Pope's Eloisa to Abchurch.

——— It was not kind,
 To leave me like a turtle, here alone,
 To drop and mourn the absence of my mate.
 When thou art from me, ev'ry place is desert,
 And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
 Thy presence only 'tis can make me blessed,
 Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Otway's Ven. Pres.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life;
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorned affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
 Loses his light. Rofy-bosom'd spring
 To weeping fancy pines; and youth's bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses ev'ry thought,
 Fills ev'ry sense, and pants in ev'ry vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,

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Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls ; while borne away
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair,
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declined,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
Romantic hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all on love : or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lillies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling anguish of her beam,
With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or while the world,
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear,
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fired.

Thomson's Seasons.

Winds murmur'd thro' the leaves your shortdelay,
And fountains o'er their pebbles chid your stay :
But with your presenee cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher green at your return.

Dryden's State of Innocence.

With-

A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

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Without her presence all my joys are vain,
Empire a curse, and life itself a pain.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada,

Let me kiss off these tears. O beauteous tears !
If shed by doubting love, if shed for absence.
Instead of these reproaches, ask me rather
How I that absence bore : and here all words,
All eloquence is dumb, to speak the pangs
That lurk'd beneath the rugged brow of war.
When glaring day was clos'd, and hush'd the camp,
O ! then, amid ten thousand other cares,
Those stung the keenest that remember'd thee,
That on my long-left Clytemnestra thought,
On what wide seas and mountains lay between us.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Night must involve the world till she appear ;
The flowers in painted meadows hang their heads ;
The birds awake not to their morning songs ;
Nor early hinds renew their constant labour :
Ev'n nature seems to slumber till her call,
Regardless of th' approach of other day. *Rowe.*

I charge thee, loiter not, but haste to bless me ;
Think with what eager hopes, what rage, I burn ;
For ev'ry tedious minute how I mourn :
Think how I call thee cruel for thy stay,
And break my heart with grief for thy delay.

Rowe.

—Every moment

I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,
Whose nurse had left it.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence,
Else who could bear it ?

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When

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When thy lov'd sight shall bless my eyes again,
Then will I own I ought not to complain,
Since that one hour is worth whole years of pain. }

Rowe.

'Twas not in cruel absence, to deprive me
Of your impartial image——every where
You reign, triumphant; memory supplies
Reflexion, with your power; and you, like heaven
Are always present.—— *A. Hill's Zara.*

Far in the depths of thy sad desarts, trac'd
My heart will seek thee; fancy, there misleads
My weary, wandering steps: there, horror finds
And preys upon my solitude; there leaves me,
To languish life out, in unheard complaints
To waste, and wither in the tearless winds.

A. Hill's Alzira,

——Think, O think,
What in this age of absence I have borne,
How combated each tender thought, and liv'd
For thy dear sake a victim to despair?

Whitehead's Creusa.

This close confinement pains me less,
Than separation from my much-lov'd lord;
Were I with him in narrower bounds imprison'd,
Imprisonment itself would please; but since
His charming converse is deny'd me,
I, like the melancholy nightingale,
Shut in a cage, and widow'd from her love,
Shall languish, droop, and pine myself to death.

Trapp's Abramule.

——In my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
I am ten times more undone, while hope and fear,
And grief and rage, and love rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Addison's Cato.

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Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Mistake him; he the salt'ring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd:
Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence; agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I fought,
The pain of absence from thy fight. *Milton.*

A C C E N T.

The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail,
When fair occasion shews the springing gale. *Prior.*

A C T I O N. See also DEEDS.

Our actions are our own; their consequence
Belongs to heaven. The secret consciousness
Of duty well perform'd; the public voice
Of praise that honours virtue, and rewards it;
All these are yours. *Francis's Eugenia.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Shakespeare's Hamlet.

ADAM. *Descr'd with Eve in paradise by the
evil spirit.*

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect ! with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure ;
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
 Whence true authority in men : though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ;
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd,
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front, and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd ;
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honor dishonorable :
 Sin-bred ! how have you troubled all mankind
 With shews instead, mere shews, of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence ?
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill :
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met. *Milton.*
His

His account of the objects round him on his creation.

—As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward heav'n my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky; till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams: by these,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd:
With fragrance, and with joy, my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigor led.
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light!
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay!
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains!
And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell (if ye saw) how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself—by some great maker then,
In goodness and in pow'r præminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move, and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep

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First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My drowst sense, untroubld (though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve)
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy, to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, Adam rise
 "First man of men innumerable ordain'd
 "First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 "To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd."
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd;
 And over fields and waters, as in air,
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain:
 A circuit wide-inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs; that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not he, who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence divine!

Milton.

A D O N I S.

———Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound, in Lebanon, allur'd
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
 In amorous ditties all the summer's day;
 While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions, in the sacred porch,

Ezekiel

Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

A D V E R S I T Y.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and unknown.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bad to form her infant mind,
Stern, rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
With patience many a year, she bore,
What sorrow was, thou baidst her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at other's woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing folly's idle brood;
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe,
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.
Gray's Odes.

A D V I C E.

—These few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple

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Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
 Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all ; to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Fool. Have more than thou shewest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set not less than thou throwest ;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep within door.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unsee'd
 lawyer ;

You gave me nothing for't.

Shakesp. Lear.

Obeys thy parents ; keep thy word justly ;
 Swear not ; commit not with man's sworn spouse ;
 Set not thy sweet heart on proud array.
 Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of
 silks,
 Betray thy poor heart to woman :
 Keep thy foot out of brothels ; thy hand out of
 plackets ;

Thy

Thy pen from lenders books, and defy the foul
fiend. *Shakespeare's Lear.*

He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,
The heels of a horse, the love of a boy ; or the
oath of a whore. *Shakespeare's Lear.*

——— Love all ; trust a few ;
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy,
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key ; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well.

The honour of a maid is her name,
And no legacy is so rich as honesty ;
Beware, Diana, of gallants ; their promises, en-
ticements,
Oaths, tokens, and all those engines of lust,
Are not the things they *go under* : many a maid
Hath been seduc'd by them ; and the misery is, ex-
ample,
That so terribly shews the wreck of maidenhood,
Cannot, for all that, dissuade succession ; but that
They are limed with the twigs that threaten them,
I hope I need not to advise you further. But I hope
Your own grace will keep you where you are ;
Tho' there were no farther danger known,
But the modesty which is so lost.

Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well.

When things go ill, each fool presumes to advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise ;
All wretchedly deplore the present state,
And that advice seems best which comes too late.
Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

Ah ! no, instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;
Full

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Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
 Ah ! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and desarts led.
 You rais'd these hallowed walls ; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's store
 Your shrines irradiate or imblaze the floor ;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heaven :
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the makers praise.
 In these lone walks (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets
 crown'd

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no trace divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears :
 See how the force of other pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity !
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend ?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
 Ah ! let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love !

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

O troubl'd, weak, and coward as thou art !
 Without thy poor advise, the lab'ring heart
 To worse extremes with swifter steps would run
 Nor sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone. *Prior.*

ADULTERY.

Queen. What have I done ? —

Such

—Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of majesty ;
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers oaths. O such a deed !
As from the body of contraction plucks the very soul,
And sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Desd. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest ?

Oth. Oh ! ay, as summer flies are in the shambles
That quicken even with blowing.

Oh ! thou bale weed, why art so lovely fair ?
Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee.
Would thou had'st ne'er been born !

Desd. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon ? O thou public com-
moner !

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That wou'd to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed ?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.

Shakesp. Othello.

I would chuse to scramble at a door ;
With dungeon villains wallow in the stews,
And get my bread by poisoning my firm limbs ;
E'er pass an hour with her I have espoused,
If but in thought consenting to another.

Lee's Caesar Borgia.

—All women will deny :

What have we for your truth, but your bare words ?
The subtle path is trodden without print ;
Not the least footstep to be traced for truth.

Lansdowne's Heroic Love.

The

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The stain of violation is upon thee,
The ruddy spot fresh ardent on thy face :
Thy cheeks are burning with the adult'rer's mark ;
His print is on thy lips ; thy melted eyes
Yet glow with languish'd lustre.

Lansdowne's Heroic Love.

AFFECTATION. *Of maidens.*

—Maids, in modesty, say no, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, ay.
Fie, fie ; how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod ?

Shakesp. Two Gen. of Verona.

AFFECTATION. *Of manners.*

— I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparel'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died.

Shakesp. Merchant of Venice.

AFFECTION.

The virtuous man and honest — He's my brother ;
And he alone ; for nature never meant
By her affections to engage our hearts
To villainy and baseness.

Francis's Eugenia.

Yet tell me, can I say to my revenge,
Be thou my daughter ? To this fierce ambition
Bequeath my power, and bid it to inherit

My

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My name and honours ? Can his deepest groans
Charm my transported soul, like those sweet sounds
That call'd me father ? *Francis's Constan.*

———— Can public trust,
O reverend sage ! destroy the softer ties
That twine about the parent's yearning heart ?
That holy passion heav'n itself infus'd,
And blended with the stream that feeds our life.
Mallet's Alfred.

Fathers alone, a father's heart can know,
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love : but if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war ; but 'tis the father bleeds.
Young's Brothers.

AFFLICTION.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue :
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude take root, and strongly flourish ;
But prosperous fortune, that allures with pleasure,
Dazzles with pomp, and undermines with flattery,
Poisons the soil, and its best product kills.
Mallet's Alfred.

AFRICA.

But what avails this wond'rous waste of wealth ?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ?
This pomp of nature ? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds ;
What their unplanted fruits ? What the cool
draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures hid

Deep

Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth;
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the soft'ning arts of peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm; whose silent pow'rs
 Command the world; the light that leads to
 heaven:

Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of man:
 These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
 And with oppressive ray the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-fied tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute-creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Thomson's Seasons.

Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful nature, there sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce,
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd.
 The lively-shining leopard, speckl'd o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man,

The

The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull in rural ease
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pyrates den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds
 From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
 Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
 Society cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim discovered, dropping from the clouds;
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual through the tedious night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, liberty retir'd,
 Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds:
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Thomson's Seasons.

—Behold the African
 That traverses the vast Numidian desarts
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow :
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase ;
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst ;
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
 On the first friendly bank he sits him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn ;
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game ;
 And if the following day he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury. *Addis. Cato.*

AFFRONTS.

—It wounds indeed,
 To bear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
 And not have power to punish.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts ;
 Old age is slow in both. *Addison's Cato.*

AFTERNOON.

St. James's bell had toll'd some wretches in,
 As tatter'd riding-hoods alone cou'd sin ;
 The happier sinners now their charms put out,
 And to their mantuas their complexions suit :
 The opera queens had finish'd half their faces,
 And city-dames already taken places ;
 Fops of all kinds to see the lion run,
 The beauties stay till the first act's begun,
 And beaux step home, to put fresh linen on. }

Lady Mary W. Montague.

The sun has lost his rage ; his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now, but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
 heav'n,

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy! broad below
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. *Thomson's Seasons.*

A G E.

Behold where age's wretched victim lies,
 See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
 Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves, }
 To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives, }
 And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives: }
 Loos'd by devouring time, the silver cord
 Dissever'd lies, unhonour'd from the board;
 The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
 And apter utensils their place supply:
 These things and thou must share one equal lot,
 Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
 While still another and another race
 Shall now supply, and now give up the place;
 From earth all came, to earth must all return,
 Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

Prior's Solomon.

Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching slow
 To distant fate by easy journeys go:
 Gently they lay them down, as evening sheep
 On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.
 So noiseless would I live, such death to find;
 Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
 But ripely dropping from the sapless bough,
 And, dying, nothing to myself would owe:
 Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
 Of less'ning joys, I by degrees would waste:
 Still quitting ground by unperceiv'd decay,
 And steal myself from life, and melt away,

Dryd. State of Inn.

The

The soul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home;
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Waller.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be, with ease
 Gather'd, nor harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will
 change

To wither'd, weak and grey; thy senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth
 Hopeful and chearful, in thy cold blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
 To weigh thy spirits down; and last consume
 The balm of health.

Milton's Par. Lost.

Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow;
 And all the conduit of my blood froze up;
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.

Shakefp. Com. of Errors.

My May of life
 Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troop of friends,
 I must not look to have: but in their stead
 Curses, not loud, but deep; mouth-honour, breath
 Which the poor heart wou'd feign deny, and dare
 not.

Shakefp. Macbeth.

Must

Must I then be to visitants a gaze,
 Or pity'd object? these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose, clust'ring down;
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs,
 To a contemptible old age obscure. *Milt. Sam. Ag.*

A L E.

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail! juice benignant! o'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
 My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
 With toast imbrowned, and fragrant nutmeg
 fraught;

While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves, divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemp'rate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign, but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the magic rod
 Of leaden Morpheus, o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,
 Or chearful candle, save the makeweights gleam
 Haply remaining; heart-rejoicing ale
 Cheers the sad scene, and ev'ry want supplies.

Tom. Warton.

A L P S.

So pleas'd at once the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky:
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:

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Th' increasing prospect tries our wond'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Thus where the Alps their airy ridge extend,
Gently at first the melting snows descend;
From the broad slope, with murm'ring lapse they
glide

In soft mæanders down the mountains side.

But lower fall'n, streams with each other cross,

From rock to rock impetuously are tost,

Till in the Rhone's capacious bed they're lost.

United there roll rapidly away,

And roaring reach o'er rugged rocks the sea.

Frowd's Fall of Sagunt.

A M A R A N T H.

Immortal Amaranth, a flow'r, which once

In paradise, fast by the tree of life,

Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,

To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there
grows,

And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life:

And where the river of bliss, thro' midst of heav'n,

Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream:

With these, that never fade, the spirits elect

Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams.

Milton's Par. Lost.

A M A Z E M E N T.

But look! Amazement on my mother sits;

O step between her and her fighting soul:

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Shakesp. Hamlet.

Light as the light'ning glimpse, they ran, they flew;

From their foundations loſ'ning to and fro,

They

They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load;
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Befure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread, they saw
The bottoms of the mountains upward turn'd,
—— And all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep.

Milt. Par. Lost.

—— Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied, stood blank; while horror chill
Ran thro' his veins, and all his joints relax'd:
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

AMAZON.

Camilla chaste! an Amazon and chaste!
That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed,
In strict embraces lock the strug'ling warrior,
And chuse the lover in the sturdy foe.

Smith's Phœd. and Hippol.

To wield the sword, to strain the twanging yew,
To lash the foaming steeds, and drive the car
With rapid wheels o'er mangled carcases;
These are Amazonian virtues.

Frowd's Fall of Saguntum.

AMBITION.

The very substance of the ambitious
Is merely the shadow of a dream.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
 But when he once obtains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees,
 By which he did ascend.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.

Milton's Par. Lost.

— The spirits, whom I seduc'd
 * * * * *

* * * * * Ah me! they little know,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.

Milton's Par. Lost.

The true ambition there alone resides,
 Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
 Where inward dignity joins outward state,
 Our purpose good, as our atchievement great;
 Where public blessings, public praise attend,
 Where glory is our motive, not our end:
 Would'st thou be fam'd? have those high acts in
 view,

Brave men would act, tho' scandal would ensue.

Young's Univers. Passion.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
 It is a swelling, and the last affection
 A high mind can put off. It is a rebel
 Both to the soul and reason, and enforces

All laws, all conscience ; treads upon religion,
And offers violence to nature's self.

B. Johnson's Cataline.

What is ambition but desire of greatness ?
And what is greatness but extent of power ?
But lust of power, a dropsey of the mind,
Whose thirst encreases while we drink to quench it,
Till swoll'n and stretched by the repeated draught,
We burst and perish. *Higgons's Generous Conq.*

Ambition ! the desire of active souls,
That pushes them beyond the bounds of nature,
And elevates the hero to the gods.
That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
And ripen 'em to men in spite of nature.

Rowe's Ambitious Step-mother.

Ambition's never safe, till power be past ;
As men, till impotent, are seldom chaste.
Ambition is the dropsey of the soul,
Whose thirst we must not yield to, but controul.
Sedley's Ant. and Cleop.

—— Ambition is at distance

A goodly prospect, tempting to the view ;
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven :
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storms will batter, and what tempests shake it.
Otway's Ven. Pres.

Yet true renown is still with virtue join'd,
But lust of power lets loose the bridled mind.
The blast which his ambitious spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a tenure it was held.
If glory was a bait that angels swallow'd,
How then should souls allay'd to sense resist it.
Dryden's Aurengzebe.

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Ambition is an idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carry'd only to extream,
To be sublimely great, or nothing.

Southern's Loyal Brothers.

Already Cæsar has ravaged
More than half the globe; and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword.
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods! what havock does ambition make
Among your works?

Addison's Cato.

What will not curs'd ambition work in woman?
Ambition first taught angels to rebel:
Ambition made Eve fall: and sure, my Elfrid,
If ever woman could resist, 'twas she,
Who knew no power to wish, but was her own.

A. Hill's Fair Inconstant.

Ambition never was my view,
Tho' glory still has been my great pursuit:
I would by noble actions in her service,
Deserve the utmost honours of my country,
Nor higher do my thoughts affect to rise.

Frowd's Fall of Sagunt.

O curs'd ambition—thou devouring bird,
How dost thou from the field of honesty,
Pick every grain of profit or delight,
And mock the reapers toil!

Havard's Charles the First.

—Ambition! deadly tyrant!
Inexorable master! what alarms,
What anxious hours, what agonies of heart
Are the sure portion of thy gaudy slaves?
Cruel condition! could the toiling hind,
The shivering beggar, whom no roof receives,
Wet with the mountain shower, and crouching low
Beneath the naked cliff, his only home;

Could

Could he but read the statesman's secret breast
 But see the horrors there, the wounds, the stabs
 From furious passions and avenging guilt,
 He would not change his rags and wretchedness,
 For gilded domes and greatness!

Mallet's Mustapha.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
 Ev'n from the birth affects supreme command,
 Swells in the breast, and with resistless force,
 O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
 As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
 The wandering rivulet and silver lake,
 Mix undistinguish'd in the gen'ral roar.

Ambition is the stamp, impress'd by heav'n,
 To mark the noblest minds, with active heat,
 Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
 Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
 While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
 Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger.
 Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
 The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
 And ask, what guilty pow'rs rebellious hand
 Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orb;
 While some archangel nearer to perfection,
 In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
 Directs the planets with a careless nod,
 Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

Sam. Johnson's Irene.

From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow,
 How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow;
 Wish gains on wish; desire surmounts desire;
 Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire:
 From crime to crime aspires the madd'ning soul,
 Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage controul:
 Till heaven at length awakes supremely just,
 And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust.

Smollet's Regicide.

Me-

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Methinks I see the radiant goddess come,
And, like a soldier's mistress to my arms
Painted with blood; how fiercely sweet her beauties!

Francis's Constantine.

ANCESTOR.

My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar, at your peril, give him room:
He stands for fame on his forefather's feet;
By heraldry, prov'd valiant or discreet:
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man, by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave;
Men shou'd press forward in fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing --- but merit in a low estate.

Young's Universal Passion.

What have I lost by my forefather's fault?
Why was I not the twentieth by descent,
From a long restless race of droning kings?
Love, what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
When gold and titles buy thee.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

ANGEL.

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempest shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past;
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And pleas'd th'Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Addison's Campaign.

Thus, when an angel views mankind distressed,
He feels compassion pleading in his breast;

Instant

Instant the heavenly guardian cleaves the skies,
And pleas'd to save, on wings of light'ning flies.
Broome's Poems.

— Down thither prone in flight,
He speeds, and through the vast ætherial sky
Sails between world and world with steady wings;
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air. *Milt. Par. Lost.*

— Six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast:
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt, like a starry zone, his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold:
And colours dipp'd in heaven: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. *Milt. Par. Lost.*

A higher flight the vent'rous goddess tries,
Leaving material world and local skies;
Enquires what are the beings, where the space,
That form'd and held the angels antient race.
When rebel Lucifer with Michael fought,
(I offer only what tradition taught)
Embattl'd cherub against cherub rose;
Heav'n rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with woes:
What were these forms of which your volumes tell?
How some fought great, and others recreant fell!
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Durance of chains, and banishment of God.
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
To swim in sulph'rous lakes, or land on solid fire.
Whilst those exalted to primeval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys,
In those great moments, when their God employs

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Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious state:
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And stop the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns,
How can good angels be in heaven confin'd,
Or view that presence, which no space can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is he not every where!
Oh! how can wicked angels find a night
So dark to hide 'em from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of
fight?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That these had appetite, and limb and bone?
Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet,
Or Sarah please their taste with sav'ry meat;
Whence should they fear, or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
How could a form its strength with matter try?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our ways,
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?
Have they again, as sacred song proclaims,
Substances real, and existing frames?

How comes it, since with them we jointly Π are
 The great effect of our Creator's care ;
 That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
 Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay ?
 Why, whilst we struggle, in this vale beneath,
 With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
 Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ,
 On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy ?

Prior's Solomon.

ANGER.

——— Life and death ! I am asham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus ;
 That these hot tears, which break from me by force,
 Should make thee worth them. ———

——— Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that ye lose,
 To temper clay. *Shakesp. King Lear.*

The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear
 father.

Wou'd with his daughter speak; commands her
 service :

Are they inform'd of this ? ——— My breath and
 blood —

Fiery ? the fiery duke ? Tell the hot duke that —
 No ! but not yet ; may be he is not well :

* * * * *

Go tell the duke and's wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now presently bid them come forth, and hear me,
 Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
 'Till it cry, sleep to death.

Shakespear's King Lear.

You see me here, ye gods ! a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
 If it be you, that stir these daughters hearts

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Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.—You think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep—I have full cause of weeping.
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Ere I weep.—O fool! I shall go mad!

Shakespeare's King Lear.

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are;
And make your bondmen tremble; must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you're waspish. —

Shakespeare's Jul. Cæs.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

— Anger is like

A full-hot horse: allow him but his way,
Self-mettle tries him.

Shakespeare's Hen. VIII.

Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm,
Puff his own brother: and can he be angry?
Something of moment then.

Shakespeare's Othello.

— Frowning they went;
His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle rivers in its course.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

When

—When I with tamenefs,
 With tamenefs, which astonish'd thy brave spirit
 Seem'd to submit to that unequal sway
 He arrogated o'er me; know my heart
 Ne'er swell'd so high as that in cruel moment.
 My indignation, like th' imprison'd fire
 Pent in the troubled breast of glowing Ætna,
 Burnt deep and silent. *Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Oh! do not look so terrible upon me!
 How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd?
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
 He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,
 And fury shook his fabrick like an earthquake.
 He heav'd for vent, and burst, like bellowing Ætna,
 In sounds scarce human.
Dryden's All for Love.

—No pain
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

—Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low? th' ascent is easy then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; if there be in hell,
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us, without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger; when the scourge
 Inexorable

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Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

— Have but a moment's patience.
Preach patience to another lion — what? —
Hold my arms? I shall be murder'd here,
Like poor Darius, by my own barb'rous subjects.
Perdiccas, sound my trumpets to the camp,
Call my foldiers to the court; nay, haste,
For there is treason plotting 'gainst my life,
And I shall perish e'er they come to rescue.

Lees's Rival Queens.

— My pardon you shall never have,
For know, I hate thee on a double score;
Much for thy love, more for tyrannic pow'r:
Princes, who have, like me, dishonour'd been;
Shou'd blush to be dishonour'd so again.

Lee's Hannibal's Overthrow.

I thank thee, that thou do'st my anger move:
It is a tempest that will wreck my love.
Go bind them, ere my fit of love return;
Fire shall quench fire, and anger love shall burn.
Thus I prevent those follies I might do,
And 'tis the nobler fever of the two.

Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

ANTIPATHY.

— Discord, first
Daughter of sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduced, through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with
fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
Glar'd on him passing. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

A N T.

A N T.

And, O! thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
 Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
 By constant journeys careful to prepare
 Her stores, and to bring home the corny ear?
 By what instruction does she bite the grain,
 Lest, hid in earth, and taking root again,
 It might elude the foresight of her care?
 Distinct in all th' insect's deeds appear,
 The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and
 fear.

Prior's Solomon.

A N T I D O T E.

Oft have I seen its vital touch diffuse
 New vigour thro' the poison'd streams of life,
 When almost settled into dead stagnation,
 Swift as a southern gale unbinds the flood.

Thomson's Edw. and Eleon.

A P O S T A T E.

Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
 The future miseries that await the apostate;
 So shall timidity assist thy reason,
 And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

Sam. Johnson's Irene.

The soul once tainted with so foul a crime,
 No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ar-
 dour;

Those holy beings whose superior care
 Guides erring mortals to the path of virtue,
 Affrighted at impiety like thine,
 Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

Sam. Johnson's Irene.

Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime,
 Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.
 Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,

Will

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Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish too late for innocence and peace?
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp.

Sam. Johnson's Irene.

Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring from the paths of truth remote.

Milton's Par. Lost.

A P O T H E C A R Y.

I do remember an apothecary,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread; and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.

Shakes. Rom. and Juliet.

So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

His shop the gazing vulgar eye employs,
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
Here mummies lie most reverently stale,
And there the tortoise hangs her coat of mail.
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
The flying fish their finny pinions spread.
Aloft in rows large poppy heads were strung,
And near a scaly alligator hung.

In

In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd ;
In that dry'd bladders and drawn teeth are laid.

Garth's Dispensary.

APPETITE.

Men love a mistress as they love a feast ;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste !
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress, and our meat away ;
Again the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.

Young's Universal Passion.

APPLAUSE.

— Such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea ; now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark, by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay,
After the tempest. Such applause was heard.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

— Such a noise arose
As the throwds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes, hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think flew up, and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost.

Shakesp. Hen. VIII.

— O breath of public praise
Short liv'd and vain ! oft gain'd without desert,
As often lost unmerited : composed
But of extremes : — thou first begin'st with love
Enthusiastic, madness of affection : then,
(Bounding o'er moderation and o'er reason)
Thou turn'st to hate as causeless, and as fierce.

Harvard's Regulus.

A R D O R.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
 Delighted ; but desiring more her stay,
 Oft to her he his charge of quick return
 Repeated ; she to him as oft engaged
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
 And all things in best order have, to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.

Milton's Par. Lost.

A R T.

What length of labour'd lands ! what loaded seas,
 Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war :
 Seas, winds, and planets into service brought,
 His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
 Not can th' eternal rocks his will withstand.
 What levell'd mountains sumptuous cities swell
 And gild our landscape with our glittering spheres.
 Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise,
 And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
 Far greater still ! (what cannot mortal might ?)
 See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep !
 The narrow deep with indignation foams,
 Or southward turn, to delicate and grand,
 The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
 How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
 Ascend the skies ! the proud triumphal arch
 Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
 High thro' mid air here, streams are taught to flow
 Whole rivers, there laid by in basons, sleep.
 Here plains turn oceans ; there, vast oceans join
 Thro' kingdoms channell'd deep from shore to
 shore,
 And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
 Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
 Where

Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea furious waves! their roar amidst
Outspeaks the deity, and says, "O main,
Thus far, nor farther: new restraints obey."

Young's Night Thoughts.

ASTONISHMENT.

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Their dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Shakesp. Julius Caesar.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

—Prepare to hear

A story that shall turn thee into stone:
Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in nature,
A flaw made thro' the center by some god,
Thro' which the groans of ghosts might strike thy
ear,

They would not wound thee, as this story will.

Lee's OEdipus.

Astonish'd at his voice he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd.

Addison.

The pale assistance on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd

The

The still born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring tongue.
Lee's Theodosius.

ASTROLOGER.

An inner room receives the num'rous shoals
 Of such as pay to be reputed fools ;
 Globes stand on globes, volumes on volumes lie,
 And planetary schemes amuse the eye ;
 The sage in velvet chair here lolls at ease,
 To promise future health for present fees ;
 Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
 And what the stars know nothing of foretels.
 One asks, how soon Panthea may be won,
 And longs to feel the marriage setters on :
 Others, convinc'd by melancholly proof,
 Enquire, when courteous fate will strike 'em off ;
 Some, by what means they may redress the wrong
 When fathers the possessions keep too long :
 As some would know the issue of their cause,
 And whether gold can solder up its flaws.
 Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
 To lose by art what pregnant nature gave ;
 And Porcia, old in expectation grown,
 Laments her barren curse, and begs a son :
 Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try
 To make her bloom revive, and lover die.
 Some ask for charms, and others philtres chuse,
 To gain Corrinna, and their quartans lose.
 Young Hylas, blotch'd with stains too foul to name,
 In cradle here renews his youthful flame :
 Cloy'd with desire, and suseited with charms,
 A hot house he prefers to Julia's arms ;
 And old Lucullus would the arcanum prove,
 Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.

Garth's Dispensary.

ATHEISM.

A T H E I S M.

The fourth dire shape from mother matter came,
 Dulness her fire, and atheism her name;
 In her no glimpse of sacred sense appears,
 Depriv'd of eyes, and destitute of ears:

And yet she brandishes a thousand tongues,
 And blasts the world with air-infecting lungs:
 Curs'd by her fire, her very words are wounds,
 No grove re-ecchoes the detested sounds.
 Whate'er she speaks, all nature proves a lye;
 The earth, the heav'ns, the starry-spangled sky, }
 Proclaim the wise, eternal deity.

The congregated waves, in mountains driv'n,
 Roar in grand chorus to the Lord of heav'n!
 Thro' skies serene the glorious thunders roll,
 Loudly pronounce the God, and shake the found-
 ing pole. *Faukes.*

To these, that sober race of man, whose lives
 Religious titled them the sons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
 Ignobly! to the trains and to the smiles
 Of these fair atheists. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

———Atheist, use thine eyes,
 And, having view'd the order of the skies,
 Think, if thou canst, how matter blindly hurl'd,
 Without a guide, could form this wond'rous world. *Creech.*

A T H E I S T. *Female.*

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd belle
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell;
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
 Who listen less to *Collins* than *St. Paul*.
 Atheists have been but rare: since nature's birth,
 'Till now, she atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.

Ye

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Ye men of deep researches, say whence springs
This daring character, in tim'rous things?
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
A match for nothing but the Deity,
Young's Universal Passion.

A T L A S.

And now behold majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burthen of the skies;
His tow'ring brows aloft no tempest know,
While light'ning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Garth's Dispensary.

A T T E N T I O N.

— He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: Attention held them mute.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

— Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his looks
Drew audience and attention, still as night,
Or summer's noontide air. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

— Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hill
Aerial music sends. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

The great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, tho' steep: suspense in heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth

Of

Of nature from the unapparent deep :——
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence ; and sleep, listening to thee, will watch ;
Or we can bid his absence ; till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Milton's Par. Lost.

He bolder now, uncall'd, before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring : oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek-enamell'd neck
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve, to mark his play ; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue,
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation then began.

Milton's Par. Lost.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains !
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.

Pope's Pastorals.

—— They say the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony.

Shakespear's Richard II.

—— When he speaks, the air
A charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

Shakespear's Hen. V.

—— The air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm ;
The hurry'd orbs with storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as Jove himself were talking.

Dryden and Lee's OEdipus.

Sure

— Sure 'tis the calm of nature;
 So hush'd a silence reigns, as if all the gods
 Look'd down and listen'd to what we were saying.
Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

— As I listen'd to thee,
 The happy hours pass'd by us unperceiv'd;
 So was my soul fixt to the soft enchantment.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

Has the great Sovereign sent ten thousand worlds,
 To tell us he resides above them all
 In glory! unapproachable recess?
 And dare earth's bold inhabitant deny
 The sumptuous, the magnificent embassy,
 A moment's audience? *Young's Night-Thoughts.*

A V A R I C E.

Can nothing then content that greedy Tartar,
 But trading with the purchase of thy virtue,
 Damn'd avarice, curs'd destructive avarice,
 Thou everlasting foe to love and honour?
 What will not this vile merchant turn to traffic,
 If chastity itself be set to sale,
 And innocence and virtue cannot 'scape him?
Trap's Abra. Mul.

A V E R S I O N.

No! were we join'd, even tho' it were in death,
 Our bodies burning in one fun'ral pile,
 The prodigy of Thebes would be renewed,
 And my divided flames should break from thine.
Dryden's Don Sebastian.

As well the noble savage of the field
 Might tamely couple with the fearful ewe;
 Tygers engender with the timid deer;
 Wild muddy boars defile the cleanly ermine,
 Or vultures sort with doves; as I with thee.
Lee's Mithridates.

A U R O R A.

AURORA. See MORNING.

Thus when her son on Phrygian plains lay dead,
 In humid clouds Aurora veil'd her head;
 Her rosy cheeks thro' the dim crystal glow
 With fainter colours, and confess her woe.
 Sadly her radiant eyes the tears adorn,
 Yet in the fragrant dew, more sweetly rose the morn,
Frowd's Fall of Saguntum.

AURORA BOREALIS.

Thus sits high canopied above the skies,
 Northern Aurora; she thro' th' azure air
 Shoots her tremulous rays in painted streaks
 Continual, while, waving to the wind,
 O'er night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow:
 The trav'ler views th' unseasonable day
 Astound, the proud bent lowly to the earth,
 The pious matrons tremble for the world.

Smart.

Oft in this season, silent from the north,
 A blaze of meteors shoots; ensweeping first
 The lower skies, then all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once,
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
 And mix athwart, extinguish and renew,
 All æther coursing in a maze of light.
 From look to look contagious thro' the croud
 The panic runs, and into wond'rous shapes
 Th' appearance throws, armies, in meet array,
 Throng'd with ariel spears and steeds of fire;
 Till, the long lines of full extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,

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Incontinent;

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Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapp'd in fierce ascending flame ;
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm ;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress,
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour : ev'n nature's self,
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials yet unfix'd
 Of this appearance, beautiful and new.

Thomson's Seasons.

A U T U M N.

——— Wilt thou fly
 With laughing autumn to the atlantic isles,
 And range with him th' hesperian field, and see,
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
 The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil, the tender-clusters glow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill,
 As with the blushes of an evening sky ?

Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

'Twas when the fields had shed their golden grain
 And burning suns had scar'd the russet plain ;
 No more the rose or hyacinth were seen,
 Nor yellow cowslip on the tufted green :
 But the rude thistle rear'd its hoary crown,
 And the ripe nettle shew'd an irksome brown.
 In mournful plight the tarnish'd groves appear,
 And nature weeps for the declining year :
 The sun, too quickly, reach'd the western sky,
 And rising vapours hid his ev'ning eye :

Autumnal

Autumnal threads around the branches flew,
While the dry stubble drank the falling dew.

Mrs. Leapor's Poems.

How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue ! the etherial arch
How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below
The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;
And instant winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung
youth,

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her ev'ry charm abroad, the village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks ; and, where her age
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out ; and garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Thomson's Seasons.

Yet once more, glorious god of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O let me warbling court thy stay,
To gild the fading scene !
Thy rays invigorate the spring,
Bright summer to perfection bring ;

The cold, inclement days of winter chear,
And makes autumnal months the mildest of the year.

Ere yet the russet foliage fall,
I'll climb the mountain's brow,

My friend, my Hayman, at thy call
To view the scene below :

How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold !

How mixt the many checquer'd shades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid
green !

How splendid all the sky ! how still !

How mild the dying gale !
How soft the whispers of the rill,

That winds along the dale !

So tranquil nature's works appear,
It seems the sabbath of the year ;

As if, the summer's labour past, she chose
This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Faukes.

AUTHOR.

Shall we not censure all the motly train,
Whether with abe irriguous, or champaign ?

Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb ;
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme ?

The college sloven, or embroider'd spark ;

The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk ;

The quiet quid-nunc, or demanding prig,

The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig ;

Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad,

Whether extremely witty, or quite mad ;

Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite ;

Men that read well, or men that only write ;

Whether peers, proctors, taylors, tune the reeds,

And measuring words, to measuring shapes suc-

ceeds ;

For

For bankrupts write, when ruined shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
 By thriving, men subsist, each other trade;
 Of ev'ry broken craft a writer's made:
 Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth,
 Hail, fruitful isle! to thee alone belong
 Millions of wits, and brokers in old song:
 Thee well a land of liberty we name,
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
 Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
 And buy mankind's contempt whene'er they please:
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
 Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
 Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
 Their verse immoral kindles loose desires:
 Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
 Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
 What glorious motives urge our authors on,
 Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
 One loses his estate, and down he sits,
 To shew in vain he still retains his wits:
 Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
 He writes an antidote against the spleen:
 Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
 Some for 'tis Sunday; some because 'tis wet;
 Thro' private pique some too the public right,
 And love their king and country out of sight:
 Another writes because his father writ,
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Young's Epistles.

A W E.

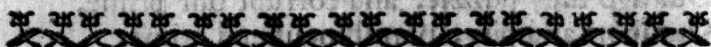
This is the secret centre of the isle:
 Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder

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Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown
arms

Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round it's rugged base,
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone : they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd thro' his drear domain. And yet my friends,
(If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)
Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untam'd nature,
Controuling sober reason ; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
O'ercome me thus ? I scorn them, yet they awe me.

Mason's Caractacus.



B.

BACCHUS.

Hail, young-ey'd God of wine ! parent of joys !
Frolic, and full of thee (while the cold sons
Of temperance, the fools of thought and care,
Lie stretch'd in sober slumbers) we, the few
Of purer flame, exalt each living hour
With pleasures ever new.

Mallet's Euridice.

Drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd

Both

Both harp and voice; nor could the muse defend
Her son. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.

The jolly God in triumph comes;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

Flush'd with a purple grace,

He shews his honest face.

Now gives the hautboys breath; he comes! he
comes!

Bacchus ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain:

Bacchus's blessings are his treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,

Fought all his battles o'er again,

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
the slain. *Dryden's Alex. Feast.*

Blithe dispenser of my joy,

Thou who dost my vows employ,

Bacchus, guardian of the nine,

On me, oh! propitious shine.

Thine's the choicest, richest blessing,

Poor the rest, nor worth possessing;

Thine the gen'rous purple flood,

That warms the heart, and fires the blood.

Inspir'd by thee we more than live;

You to the Gods new glories give,

And ever blooming, young and fair,

Banish heart-corroding care.

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You for the melting conflict arm,
Enhance the bliss, improve the charm;
When love and wine their pow'rs unite,
The bosom's fill'd with soft delight:
What pleasure thrills thro' ev'ry vein,
While love and wine their pow'r maintain.

Cupid's soft pleasures pall and die,
Shou'd wine's gay god his aid deny —
He the warrior's breast inspires;
He the poet's fancy fires. *Derrick.*

BANISHMENT.

Romeo is banished — to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tibalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. — Romeo is banish'd.
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word death; no words can that woe sound.
Shakesp. Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth, thou fearful
man,

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hands,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company;
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;
For

For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death : do not say banishment ;
 'Tis death mis-term'd ; calling death banishment,
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
 Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
 Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment,
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture and not mercy : heaven is here
 Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity
 In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
 But Romeo may not, he is banished !
 Oh father, hast thou no strong poison mixt,
 No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
 But banishment to torture me withal,

Fri. Fond mad-man hear me speak,
 I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banish'd ? hang up philosophy :
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 It helps not, it prevails not ; talk no more—

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou can'st not speak of what thou dost
 not feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tibalt murdered :
 Doating like me, and like me banished ;
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
 thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

BANQUET.

Prepare a banquet ; costly let it be,
 And in magnificence bespeak my mind :
 Whate'er the east of delicacy yields
 Is in my present spoils. Let the commanders,
 Worthy companions in the well-fought field,
 Be summon'd to partake. The chearful goblet
 Shall raise our souls, while, with a decent pride,
 Conscious we'll boast the dangers we have known ;
 And war's great toils shall be the soldier's theme.

Prowd's Philotas.

The banquet waits ours presence ; festal joy
 Laughs in the mantling goblet, and the night,
 Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
 Rivals departed day.—

Brown's Barbarossa.

Hard are the laws of love's despotick rule,
 And every joy is trebly bought with pain.
 Crown we the goblet then, and call on Bacchus,
 Bacchus ! the jolly God of laughing pleasures.
 Bid ev'ry voice of harmony awake,
 Apollo's lyre, and Hermes' tuneful shell :
 Let wine and musick join to swell the triumph,
 To smooth uneasy thoughts, and lull desire.

Rowe's Ulysses.

Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
 Jocund, and free, and swell the feast with mirth ;
 The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
 None shall be grave, or too severely wise :
 Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
 The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
 In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
 Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Come

——— Come to the banquet all,
 And revel out the day, 'tis my command;
 Gay as the Persian God, our self will stand,
 With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand;
 Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
 While antic measures beat the burden'd ground,
 And to the vaulted skies our clangors sound,
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
 Mars and Bellona join to make us music.
 A hundred bulls be offer'd to the sun,
 White as his beams. Speak the big voice of war,
 Beat all our drums, and blow our silver trumpet,
 Till we provoke the gods to act our pleasures
 In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder.

Lee's Alexander the Great.

——— Then all was jollity,
 Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
 Piping and playing, minstrelries and masking,
 'Till life fled from us like an idle dream;
 A shew of mummery without a meaning.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

——— In cool recess,
 The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid;
 And instantly convey'd by magic hand,
 In comely rows the costly dishes stand;
 Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
 Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art:
 A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd in green,
 With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come scudding in;
 With fragrant blossoms, these adorn the feast,
 Those with officious zeal attend the guest;
 Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
 Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head:
 Others in ruby cups with roses bound,
 Delightful! deal the sparkling nectar round:
 Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay,
 The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play;

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Gay health and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
 And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
 So when embolden'd by the vernal air,
 The busy bees to blooming fields repair,
 For various use employ their chymic pow'r,
 One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r;
 Again to diff'rent works returning home,
 Some knead the honey, some erect the comb;
 All for the gen'ral good in concert strive,
 And ev'ry soul's in motion, ev'ry limb's alive.

Dr. Lisle's History of Persena.

Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing,
 All your storms are overblowing:
 While you in this isle art biding,
 You shall feast without providing.
 Every dainty you can think of,
 Every wine which you wou'd drink of,
 Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,
 Ceres' blessing so is on you. *Dryden's Tempest.*

B A R D.

On a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. *Gray's Odes.*

B A S T A R D.

Thou nature, art n y goddess; to thy law
 My services are bound: wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
 Lag

Lag of a brother? why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? why brand they us
 With base, with baseness, and with bastardy;
 Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
 More composition, and fierce quality,
 Than does within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got between sleep and waking?

Shakefp. K. Lear.

Bless'd be the bastard's birth! thro' wound'rous ways
 He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze.
 No sickly fruit of faint compliance he;
 But stamp'd in nature's mint with extasy!
 He lives to build, not boast, a gen'rous race:
 No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
 His daring hope no fire's example bounds;
 His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
 He, kindling, from within, requires no flame,
 He glories in a bastard's glowing name.
 Loos'd to the world's wide range, enjoin'd no aim,
 Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
 Nature's unbounded son he stands alone,
 His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.
 O mother, yet no mother! — 'tis to you
 My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
 — What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
 By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
 You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
 A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
 — I had been born your dull domestic heir;
 Load of your life, and motive of your care.
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great;
 The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state:
 Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown;
 A lawful lump of life by force your own.

Savage's Bastard.

BATTLE.

——— Still undaunted his bold march
 Fred'rick pursues : he not their 'vantag'd ground,
 Nor high-fenc'd camp, nor trenches deep regards,
 Nor numbers far superior. On he leads
 To the fierce combat his courageous bands.
 'They, by their monarch's voice, (that fav'rite voice)
 Enliven'd, joyous spring, with sweet presage
 Of victory ; their standards wide unfurl'd
 In awful pomp, with rich emblazonry
 Of vivid colours, streaming to the wind :
 And o'er the horrent plain of glitt'ring steel
 A wavy harvest formidably gleam'd,
 Innumerable faulchions, the sun's blaze
 (Oft as his radiant beams from fleecy cloud
 Emerg'd) reflecting fierce with burnish'd sheen ;
 E'er long to be imbru'd in Austrian gore.
 ' Swift thro' the rank's undaunted Fred'ric sprung,
 High brandishing his faulchion, Austria's dread,
 From wing to distant wing unwearied flew,
 Now in the van, now rear : on ev'ry part,
 Thro' each vicissitude, each varying scene,
 With splendid conduct, animating sounds,
 And brave example, his obsequious bands
 Inspir'd, directed, instigated, cheer'd,
 And all his various pow'rs by turns display'd :
 Fervid, yet vigilant ; with temper'd fire
 Guiding the rapid war's alternate reins.
 ' Hark how the sons of Albion's glorious isle
 Tune in harmonic choir the conqueror's praise !
 Thee, Frederick, all her glist'ning cliffs resound,
 Thee her gay vallies, thee her mossy caves ;
 And grove to grove repeats the pleasing song.
 Britannia, resting on her pointed spear,
 Majestic smiles ; and with the pleasing song
 Enraptur'd, venerates the mighty prince,
Resembling

Resembling her lov'd lord, to valorous George
In magnanimity, as in blood, allied.

Dobson's Poems.
———Involv'd in clouds

Impervious to the view, the battle long
Continu'd doubtful, midst the mingling sounds
Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
And clatt'ring armour; till at length the noise
In distant murmurs dy'd. *Smollet's Regicide.*

Still pressing forward to the fight they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage:
The battle kindled into tenfold rage,
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Bombs in full fury, heaps on heaps expire;
Nations, with nations mix'd, confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!

Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd,
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste;

Addison's Campaign.

See round thy gates a steely circle stands,
In deep array, and spreads in radiant bands:
Hark! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground;
The surly drums beat terrible from afar,
With all the dreadful music of the war:
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies:

The

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The heav'ns above, the fields and floods beneath,
 Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
 In fiery storms descends a murd'rous show'r;
 Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar,
 As when in wrathful mood almighty Jove
 Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above;
 Through the sing'd air, with unresisted sway,
 The forky vengeance rends its flaming way;
 And, while the firmament with thunder roars,
 From their foundations hurls imperial tow'rs.
 So rush the globes with many a fiery round,
 Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound:
 Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
 Gigantic stalking, marks in blood her way;
 Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
 The shape of man half bury'd in the wound;
 And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
 While swords meet swords, and foes encounter foes,
 The treach'rous earth beneath their footstep cleaves,
 Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves;
 Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
 And whirl the torn battalions to the skies.
 Thus earthquakes rumbling, with a thund'ring
 sound,
 Shake the wide world's firm base, and rend the
 ground;
 Rocks, hills, and groves are tost into the sky,
 And in one mighty ruin nations die.

Broome's Seat of the War.

Now my fierce courser with a javelin stung,
 First rear'd in air, then tearing with a bound
 The trembling earth, plung'd deep amidst the foe,
 And now a thousand deaths from every side
 Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung;
 Thro' the throng legions, like a tempest, rush'd
 This friend, o'er gasping heroes, rolling steeds,
 And snatch'd me from my fate.

Young's Busiris.

Hark — the death-denouncing trumpet sounds
 The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset —
 Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,
 And bathes itself in blood : havock let loose,
 Now undistinguish'd, rages all around ;
 While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
 Sees the plain strew'd with subjects truly hers,
 Breathless and cold. — *Harvard's Scanderbeg.*

With such a strenuous, such a labour'd conflict,
 Sure never field was fought ! until Gustavus
 Aloud cry'd, victory ! and on his spear
 High rear'd the imperial diadem of Denmark.
 Then slack'd the battle, then recoil'd our host ;
 His eccho'd victory now would know no bounds.
 Rout follow'd — —

Brookes's Gustavus Vasa.

New storms of war like hail around us fall :
 Fury that sat at home on massy shields,
 Now heaves them up, and ranges thro' the fields :
 With all her hundred whips of wire she comes,
 And drives despairing monarchs to their tombs.
 War ! how it sounds ! away, to arms ! to arms !
 My soul to battle now all fiery warms ;
 Swift as the gods, in haste outstrips the wind,
 And leaves the courfers of the day behind.

Lee's Sophonisba.

The neighbouring plains with arms is cover'd o'er,
 The vale an iron harvest seems to yield,
 Of thick sprung lances in a waving field.
 The polish'd steel gleams terribly from far,
 And every moment nearer shews the war.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of
 war ;
 The labour'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.

Lee's Alexander.

Then planting at the walls a scaling-ladder,
 I mounted spite a show'r of cranes, bars, arrows,
 And all the lumber which they thundered down.
 I left the walls to fly among my foes,
 And like a baited lion, dy'd myself
 All over with the blood of those dire hunters ;
 'Till spent with toil I battl'd on my knees,
 Pluck'd forth the darts, that made my shield a forest,
 And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd fury.

Lee's Alexander.

Oh ! spare the wounds our bleeding country fears,
 The thousand ills that civil discord brings !
 O ! still the noise of war ; whose dread alarms
 Frighten repose from country villages,
 And stir rude tumult up, and wild distraction,
 In all our peaceful cities !

Rowe's Ambitious Step-mother.

Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
 Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect !
 Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
 Of thousands and eternity ; what change
 Shall hasty death make in that glittering plain !
 O thou fell monster, war ! that in a moment
 Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation ;
 The boast and master-piece of the great maker
 That wears in vain th' impresson of his image,
 Unprivileg'd from thee !

Rowe's Tamerlane.

—— Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest : ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Preface of victory and fierce desire
 Of battle : whereat Michael bid sound
 Th' arch-angel trumpet ; through the vast of heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the highest : nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd

The

The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
 Of conflict! over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew;
 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage: all heav'n
 Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountring angels fought
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
 Army against army, numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat!
 Had not th' eternal king omnipotent,
 From his strong hold of heav'n, high over-rul'd
 And limited their might: though number'd such,
 As each divided legion might have seem'd
 A numerous host; in strength, each armed hand,
 A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior; single, as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear: each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented

Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire, Long time in even scale
 The battle hung; till Satan, (who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shewn, and met in arms
 No equal) ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting! such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of ten-fold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference! at his approach
 The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd; and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,
 Or captive dragg'd in chains. *Milton*

—Who, though with the tongue
 Of angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such height
 Of godlike pow'r? for likest gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air,
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng;
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion: such as (to set forth
 Great things by small) if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky,
 Should combat, and their jarring spears confound.
 Together both, with next t^h Almighty arm

Uplifted

Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determin, and not need repeat,
 As not of pow'r, at once; nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword
 Of Michael from the armory of God
 Was giv'n him, temper'd so that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to finite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd thro' him: but the ethereal substance clos'd,
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguin (such as celestial spirits may bleed)
 And all his armor stain'd, e'er while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence; while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot; where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war: there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame
 To find himself not matchless and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, (not, as frail man,
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins)
 Cannot but by annihilating die:
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color, shape and size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
 Of Moloc, furious king ! who him defy'd,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the holy one of heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous : but anon
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel, and Raphael, his vaunting foe
 (Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd)
 Vanquish'd, Adramelech, and Asmadai,
 Two potent thrones ! than to be less than gods
 Disdain'd ; but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
 flight,

Mangl'd with gashly wounds thro' plate and mail.
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel, to annoy
 The atheist-crew but with redoubl'd blow
 Ariel, and Arioc, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
 Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell,
 For strength from truth divid'd, and from just,
 Ilaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires,
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.
 And now, their mightiest quell'd the battle swerv'd,
 With many an inrode gor'd ; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder : all the ground
 With shiver'd armor strown, and on a heap

Chariot

Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
 And fiery foaming steeds : what stood recoil'd
 O'er-weary'd thro' the faint Satanic host,
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd ;
 Then first with fear surpriz'd, and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious : to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience ; till that hour,
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints,
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd :
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd ! in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.
 Now night her course began, and over heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence, on the odious din of war :
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field,
 Michael and his angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires : on th' other part,
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd ; and void of rest.

Milton's Par. Lost.

Now when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,
 Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host !
 Soon banded : others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round and scouts each coast, light-armed
 scour
 Each quarter, to desery the distant foe,
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight
 In motion or in halt, him soon they met

Under

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
 But firm battalion : back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd,
 Arm, warriors, arm for fight ! the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution, and secure. Let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Born ev'n or high ; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shōw'r,
 But ratling storms of arrows barb'd with fire.
 So warn'd he them, aware themselves ; and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment,
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,
 And onward move embattell'd, when behold !
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching gross and huge ; in hollow cube
 Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan ; and thus was heard commanding loud.
 Vanguard to right and left the front unfold ;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open breast
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse ;
 But that I doubt : however witness heav'n !
 Heav'n witness thou anon ! while we discharge
 Freely our part : ye who appointed stand,
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound and loud that all may hear.
 So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended ; when to right and left the front

Divided

Divided, and to either flank retir'd :
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange !
 A tripple mounted row of pillars, laid
 On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
 With branches lop'd, in wood or mountain fell'd)
 Brass, iron, stony mold ; had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce : at each behind
 A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipp'd with fire ; while we suspense,
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd :
 Not long ! for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
 With nicest touch ; immediate in a flame,
 (But soon obscur'd with smoke) all heav'n appear'd,
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
 roar

Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore ; disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
 Of iron globes, which on the victor host
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might
 stand,

Though standing else as rocks ; but down they fell
 By thousands, angel on arch-angel rowl'd ;
 The sooner for their arms ; (unarm'd they might
 Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove :) but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout ;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files :
 What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despised,
 And to their foes a laughter : for in view,
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,

In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder : back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
 O friends, why come not on these victors proud ?
 E'er-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front,
 And breast, (what could we more ?) propounded
 terms

Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance : yet for a dance they stood
 Somewhat extravagant, and wild ; perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.
 To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood :
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home ;
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbl'd many : who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand ;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
 So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory : eternal might
 To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble : but they stood not long ;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them
 arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose,
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r
 Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd !)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills

(For

(For earth hath this variety from heav'n,
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
 Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran, they flew,
 From their foundations loof'ning to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,
 When coming towards them, so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountain upward turn'd ;
 Till on those cursed engines' triple-row
 They saw them whelm'd and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep :
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd :
 Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in and
 bruis'd
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan ;
 Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind
 Out of such pri'n, though spirits of purest light :
 (Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown)
 The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore :
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire ;
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;
 Infernal noise ; war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

See, where th' unnumber'd Trinobantians spread
 In rude disorder o'er the vale beneath,
 Whose broad extent this eminence commands.
 Mark their wide-waving multitude, confus'd
 With mingling standards, and tumultuous cars.

Glover's Boadicia.

———Yonder see
The Roman legions all array'd for battle,
Are now descending ; see their dreadful eagles,
Their dazzling helmets, and their crimson plumes !
A grove of javelins glitters down the steep.

Glover's Boadicia.

When at the legion's head the brave old king
And I, like clouds with thunder charg'd,
Encountring rush'd together,
Long was the tug of fate, and mutual wounds
On each side were receiv'd ; at last my stars
Prevail'd, and Gondibert, o'erthrown by fate,
Resign'd that life he so deserv'd to keep.

Higgon's Generous Conqueror.

———The signal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant
Of policy and stratagem) I met them :
I in the fore front of the armies met them ;
And as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
The volleys of their shot. I, I myself
Was he that first disfrank'd their woods of pikes :
But when we came to handy-strokes, as often
As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death.

Laws of Candy by Beaumont and Fletcher.

———All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd ;
Glitt'ring in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer.
Wanton as the youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

Shakespeare's Henry IV. Part I.

———Behold those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour,
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
 drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisped head in the hollow bank,
 Stain'd with the blood of those brave combatants.

Shakespeare's Henry IV. Part I.

Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout ;
 Fear frames disorder ; and disorder wounds,
 Where it should guard. O war ! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance ! let no soldier fly.
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love ; for he that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.

Shakespeare's Henry VI. Part II.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 Forc'd by the tides to combat with the wind ;
 Now sways that way, like the self-same sea ;
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind,
 Sometimes the flood prevails ; and then, the wind
 Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered ;
 So is the equal poize of this fell war.

Shakespeare's Henry VI. Part III.

B A W D.

I charge you, in the name of chſtity.
 Tempt me no more: how ugly you ſeem to me !
 There is no wonder men defame our ſex,
 And lay the vices of all ages on us,
 When ſuch as you ſhall bear the name of women.
 If you had eyes to ſee yourſelves, or ſenſe
 Above the baſe rewards ye earn with ſhame !
 If ever in your lives ye heard of goodneſs,
 Tho' many regions off,—as men hear thunder ;
 If ever ye had fathers, and they ſouls,
 Or ever mothers, and not ſuch as ye are !
 If ever any thing were conſtant in you
 Beſides your ſins !
 If any of your anceſtors
 Dy'd worth a noble deed—that would be cheriſhed,
 Soul-frighted with this black infection,
 You would run from one another's repentance,
 And from your guilty eyes drop out thoſe ſins
 That made you blind and beaſts.

Valent. by Roch.

Is this the virtuous love ye train'd me out to ?
 Am I a woman fit to imp your vices ?
 But that I had a mother, and a woman,
 Whoſe ever-living fame turns all it touches
 Into the good itſelf was, I ſhould now
 Ev'n doubt myſelf; I have been ſearch'd ſo near
 The very ſoul of honour. Why ſhould you two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am !
 Fairer I think by much, (for yet your faces
 Like antient well-built piles ſhew worthy ruins)
 After that angel-age, turn mortal devils !
 For ſhame, for womanhood, for what you have
 been,
 (For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches)

If

If you have hope of any heav'n but court,
Which like a dream you'll find hereafter vanish.
Forego these shameful courses. *Valent. by Roch.*

Hence, thou our sex's monster, pois'nous bawd,
Lust's factor, and damnation's orator,
Gossip of hell: were all harlots sins
Which the whole world contains, number'd together;

Thine far exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art basest.
What serpent would beguile thee of thy office,
It is so detestable? for thou livest
Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'st the door,
Whilst couples go to dancing. O coarse devil!
Thou art the bastard's curse, thou brand'st his birth,
The lecher's French disease; for thou dry suck'st
him,

The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.
Dutch Courtesan by Marston.

B E A S T S.

— Then the earth,
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground uprose,
As from his laire, the wild beast were he won
In forest wild, in thicket, brake or den:
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks,
Past'ring at once, and in broad herds up-sprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts: then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the quince,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw

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In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head. Scarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness : fleec'd the flocks, and bleating rose,
As plants : ambiguous between sea and land,
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course ;
Here with degrees of swiftness, here of force.
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in his own :
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?

Pope's Essay on Man.

BEATITUDE.

About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance ; on his right,
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only son.

Milton's Par. Lost.

BEAUTY.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles have faults to hide.

If

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
beaux?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
'That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue, as in face!

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chac'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife cares pro-
duce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since, painted or not painted, all must fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail,

Beauties, in vain, their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;

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'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
 But the joint force, and full result of all.
 Thus, when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, nor breadth, nor length appear;
 The whole at once is bold and regular.
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
 Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face:
 Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air;
 Full, tho' unzon'd, her bosom rose; her hair
 Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
 Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,
 And in the jetty curlsten thousand Cupids play'd.

Prior's Solomon.

Serene and bright his eyes as solar beams,
 Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
 Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
 As silver; the curled ringlets of his hair
 Black as the raven's wing; his lips more red
 Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread:
 Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
 Coeval, new shorn, from the crystal brook,
 Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock.
 Iv'ry, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
 How white his hands, how blue his manly veins.
 Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
 On golden bases, are his legs and feet.
 His stature all majestic, all divine,
 Strait as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.

Saffron

Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.

Prior's Solomon.

Not purple vi'lets in the early spring,
Such graceful sweets, such tender beauties bring;
The orient blush which does her cheeks adorn,
Makes coral pale, vies with the rosy morn.

Lee's Nero.

—— Beauty, thou wild, fantastic ape,
Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape:
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there
white,

Thou flatt'rer who complies with ev'ry sight:
Who hast no certain what nor settled where,
But variest still, and dost thyself declare
Inconstant as thy she possessors are.

Cowley's Poems.

—— A beauty ripe as harvest,
Whose skin is whiter than swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lillies; a soft lip, that
Wou'd tempt you to eternity of kissing,
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood,
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold,
All her looks are sweet
As the first grapes or cherries.

Ben. Johnson's Volpone.

—— She's outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.

Beaumont's Captain.

With this reward, the great reward of beauty,
The batter'd soldier crowns his glorious labours,
And softens all the rugged toils of war.

Beaumont's Bonduca.

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Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care :

Ladies are happiest moderately fair.

Etheridge's Love in a Tub.

What images shall eloquence prepare

To paint a form so perfect and divine ?

Others by slow degrees advance in love,

And step by step, and leisurely get ground :

We article with judgment e'er we yield,

Reason rejecting oft, where fancy's fond.

She seizes hearts, not waiting for consent,

Like sudden death, that snatches unprepar'd ;

Like fire from heaven, scarce seen so soon as felt :

All other beauties seem inferior stars,

At her appearance vanishing apace ;

Whene'er she mounts they set.

Landfdowne's Heroic Love.

All hearts alike, all faces cannot move,

There is a secret sympathy in love.

The powerful loadstone cannot move a straw,

No more than jet the trembling needle draw.

Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

——— Oh she is the boast,

The lovely chance-work master-piece of nature :

Who blush'd to see what her own hands had made,

As if, mistaking moulds, she unawares

Had cast Semandra in a form divine.

Lee's Mithridates.

I saw her stretch'd upon a flow'ry bank,

With her soft sorrows lull'd into a slumber :

The summer's heat had to her nat'ral blush

Added a brighter and more tempting red :

The beauties of her neck, and naked breasts,

Lifted by inward starts, did rise and fall,

With motion that might put a soul in statue :

The

The matchless whiteness of her folded arms,
That seem'd to embrace the body whence they grew,
Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that field of love.
While to my ravish'd eyes officious wind,
Waving her robes, display'd such well turn'd limbs
As artists would in polish'd marble give
The wanton goddess, when supinely laid,
She charms her gallant god to new enjoyment.

Lee's Mithridates.

——— O she is all perfection!
All that the blooming earth could send forth fair;
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious.

Lee's Theodosius.

But Theodosius comes! hide, hide thy charms:
If to his clouded eyes such day should break,
The royal youth, who doats to death for love,
I fear would forfeit all his vows to heaven,
And fix upon the world, thy world of beauty.

Lee's Theodosius.

But oh! what thought can paint that fair perfection?

Not sea-born Venus, in the courts beneath,
When the green nymphs first kiss'd her coral lips,
All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient beauty,
Could in my dazzling fancy match her brightness.
Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breasts,
So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their lustre,
Such all perfection, that I took whole draughts
Of killing love, and ever since have languish'd
With lingring surfeits of her fatal beauty.

Lee's Theodosius.

Is she not as harmless as the turtles of the woods,
Fair as the summer-beauty of the fields?
As op'ning flowers untainted yet with winds?
The pride of nature, and the joy of sense?

Otway's Caius Marius.

No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,
 Tho' the fair child of nature newly born,
 Can be so lovely. *Otway's Orphan.*

For endless joys are in that heaven of love,
 A thousand Cupids dance upon her smiles ;
 Young bathing angels' wanton in her eyes,
 Melt in her looks, and pant upon her breasts.
 Each word is gentle as a western breeze,
 That fans the infant bosom of the spring ;
 And every sign more rosy than the morn.
Southern's Loyal Brothers.

Beauty ! thou art a fair, but fading flower
 The tender prey of ev'ry coming hour.
 In youth, thou, comet-like, art gaz'd upon ;
 But art portentous to thyself alone ;
 Unpunish'd thou to few wer't ever given,
 Nor art a blessing, but a mark from heaven.
Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

———As at Troy,
 When Helen passes thro' the croud'd streets,
 Who curst her out of sight, strait bless'd aloud,
 And cry'd, she's worth the war : who would not
 fight,
 Tho' sure to die, to save such wondrous beauty ?
 So when the fair Chryseis comes in view,
 Her beauty reconciles the most enrag'd ;
 The sick, who know they perish for her sake,
 Crawl from their tents to gaze upon her face,
 And, looking on her, feel returns of strength.
 Soldiers and captains swarm in crowds about her ;
 All with loud cries approve the general's love,
 And with one voice consent to their own ruin,
 To lose the sight, seems what they fear
 More than the loss of life or victory.

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

She

——— She was her sex's pride :
 Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her ;
 Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste
 As its cold precepts, wise beyond her sex
 And blooming youth, soft as forgiving mercy,
 Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

The bloom of op'ning flowers, unsullied beauty,
 Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
 And looks like nature in the world's first spring.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

——— She is so exquisitely fram'd,
 That I who many years have dealt in beauty,
 And had the fairest females from all parts
 Committed to my care ne'er yet beheld,
 'Mongst such variety of foreign charms,
 A virgin half so lovely.
 She is all perfection, and tho' born
 In a cold frozen clime o'erspread with ice,
 And driving snow (which if compar'd with her,
 Loses its whiteness) yet her eyes dart fire,
 Able to melt the most benum'd of hearts
 With kindling warmth, and thaw it into softness.

Trap's Abramule.

If that be she who yonder pensive comes,
 She seems some bright inhabitant of heav'n,
 Shot with a falling star from yon bright region,
 To light the world below. *Hill's Fair Inconstant.*

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire :
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

Addison's Cato.

What

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What tender force, what dignity divine,
What virtue consecrating every feature ;
Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl !

Young's Busiris.

———What art thou beauty !

Whose charm makes sense and valour grow as tame
As a blind turtle.

Fenton's Mariamne.

Fancy not fairer paints those heaven-born maids,
Daughters of paradise for ever young,
For ever blooming ; who on beds of flowers,
By streams of living waters, soft repose
To crown th' immortal bliss of happy souls
With raptures unconceiv'd.

Mallet's Mustapha.

Marianne with superior charms
Triumphs o'er reason ; in her look she bears
A paradise of ever-blooming sweets.
Fair as the first idea beauty prints
On the young lover's soul : a winning grace
Guides ev'ry gesture, and obsequious love
Attends on all her steps : for majesty
Streams from her eye to each beholder's heart,
And checks the transport which her charms inspire.

Fenton's Mariamne.

All glory in her eye ! perfection thence
Looks from its throne ; and on her ample brow
Sits majesty. Her features glow with life,
Warm with heroic soul. Her mien ! — she walks
As when a towering goddess treads this earth.

Thompson's Sophonisba.

Such is the fatal growth of hapless beauty !
In her soft spring she puts forth tender buds
And blooming flowers, which the sun's genial
warmth

Calls forth to fruit, and ripens to high taste :
When comes the savage, the despoiler, man,

With

With hand rapacious ravages the boughs,
And leaves her naked, stript of all her honours.

Frowd's Philotas.

My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love is, to have two made one
In will, and in affection, that the minds
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

Ben. Johnson's New Imm.

Why did the gods give thee a heav'nly form,
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?
Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.

Ben. Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as those that on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose,
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows.

Muses Looking Glass, by Randolph.

For beauty, like white powder, makes no noise,
And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.

Cleveland's Poems.

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
Pleas'd with the passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Beauty is seldom fortunate when great,
A vast estate, but overcharg'd with debt.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Is she not brighter than a summer's morn,
When all the heav'n is streak'd with dapple fires,
And fleak'd with blushes, like a riss'd maid.

Dryden's Duke of Guise.

A lavish planet reign'd when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to heav'n,
She seems more heav'n's than ours.

Dryden's OEdipus.

Mark her majestic fabric ! she's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine :
Her soul's the deity that lodges there ;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

— She whose eyes

Meet ready victory where'er they glance :
Whom gazing crowds admire, whom nations court :
One who could change the worship of all climates,
And make a new religion where'er she comes,
Unite the differing faith of all the world,
To idolize her face.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shapes, her features

Seem to be drawn by love's own hand ; by love
Himself in love.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

Her eyes have power beyond Theſſalian charms,
To draw the moon from heav'n. For eloquence,
The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flattery :
And while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmark'd of those that hear. Then she's so charming,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth :
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes. Ev'n I who hate her,
With

With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it.

Dryden's All for Love.

Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of fighting kings, and at her feet were laid.
The sceptres of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
To chuse where she wou'd reign.

Dryden's All for Love.

Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers way'd with gold :
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails :
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were
plac'd,

Where she, another sea-born Venus lay.
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting she could take them. Boys like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That play'd about her face. But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem to blaze abroad,
That men's desir'd eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time : and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat
more !

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, as wanting breath
To give their welcome voice.

Dryden's All for Love.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that

The

The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description. She did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Here gentlewomen, like Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her, i' th' eyes
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the filken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the senses
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city casts
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.

Rom. Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady
which

Doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman?

Ben. I do.

Rom. Oh she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;

The measure done, I'll watch her to her place,

And

And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree.
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.

Milton's Comus.

Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shewn
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name from thence: coarse com-
plexions

And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,
Love darting eyes, and tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts.

Milton's Comus.

Know, beauty is a pure ethereal ray
Of fair celestial make that issues forth

From

From the sole fount of light, and lustre spreads
 Through air and earth and heaven : old ocean feels
 The influence of its beam : when tempests fly
 They bear it on their wings : the firmament
 Radiant with starry orbs, light above light
 In lucid order rais'd, aloud proclaims
 The fair original. —

———— But man is rais'd
 High in the scale of beings, and inform'd
 With intellectual faculties that shew
 The beauty of the mind, by which he claims
 Relation to his maker, and partakes
 Of rectitude divine : hence, moral acts
 Which flow from reason, and obsequious will,
 Are beautiful and good, because with God
 Similitude they hold, whose sacred will,
 Pure as his essence, never can divert
 From what is right, and is itself the law
 Which we call natural, as he only rules
 As well the moral as material world.

Death of Socrates, by Bushe.

Hail sacred source of heav'n and earth !
 From thee fair beauty takes her birth :
 Whate'er in prospect charms the eye,
 From thee receives its pleasing dye :
 From thee Apollo gilds the ray
 That ushers in the new-born day :
 From thee, the moon with borrow'd light
 Supplies the silver lamp of night :
 From thee, fair Iris paints her bow
 Where all thy vary'd colours glow :
 Form'd by thy hand, does nature spread
 A flow'ry carpet o'er the mead :
 From thee the face of earth is seen
 Array'd in cheerful robes of green :

Derives

What blossoms on the fragrant tree
 Derives th' impatient buds from thee :
 What sparkles in the diamond shows
 The brighter fount from which it flows ;
 All that can please in earth or air
 Is but of thee a copy fair :
 Thy beauty fills the world with light,
 Which without thee, would sink in night.

Death of Socrates by Bushe.

May my song soften, as thy daughters, I,
 Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own ;
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance and taste : the faultless form
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And ev'ry nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud, moist with morning dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown
 The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast ;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
 She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.

Thomson's Seasons.

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn ;
 But are most valu'd, where they best are known.

Lord Lyttleton.

A satin vest his slender shape confin'd,
 Embroider'd o'er with flowers of ev'ry kind,
 Flora's own work, when first the goddess strove,
 To win the little wanderer to her love.
 Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
 Silver his buskins, with gems o'erlaid ;
 A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
 And added grace and grandeur as he trod.

His

His wings than lillies whiter to behold,
 Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold,
 So thin their form, and of so light a kind,
 That they for ever danc'd, and flutter'd in the wind,
 Around his temples with becoming air,
 In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,
 And o'er his shoulders negligently spread,
 A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.
 Such his attire. But O! no pen can trace,
 No words can shew the beauties of his face;
 So kind! so winning! so divinely fair!
 Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there:
 There all the little loves and graces meet,
 And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that's
 sweet. *Dr. Lisle's Hist. of Persenna.*

Array'd in all her charms, appear'd the fair;
 Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air;
 Propotion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
 Lay love inshrin'd, lay sweet attractive grace;
 Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
 And, like a lambent flame, around her play'd.
 No foreign aids by mortal ladies worn,
 From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn;
 For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
 'Tis render'd more suspected at the least,
 And foul defects, that wou'd escape the sight,
 Start from the piece, and take a stronger light:
 Her chefnut hair, in careless ringlets, round
 Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jessamine crown'd,
 And, gather'd in a silken cord behind,
 Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind.
 O'er these a veil of yellow gawse she wore,
 With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.
 Her snowy neck half naked to the view,
 Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
 Hung loosely o'er her tender shape, and tried
 To shade those beauties that it could not hide.

The

The damsels of her train with mirth and song
Frolic behind, and laugh and sport along.

Dr. Lisle's Hist. of Persenna.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some, none resist; tho' not exceeding fair.

Young's Universal Passion.

My love is fairer than the snowy breast
Of the tall swan, whose proudly swelling chest
Divides the waves; her tresses loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind:
The rising blushes which her cheek o'erspread,
Are op'ning roses in the lilly's bed.

Gay's Dione.

Angels were painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting peace.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Oh! she is fair, beyond description fair;
Fairer than youthful poets can express,
Or happy painters fancy when they love.

Otway's Orphan.

B E E S.

—— So work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by ruling nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of forts;

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Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their ships,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who (busied in his majesty) surveys
The singing mason building roofs of gold;
The civil citizen kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters, crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gates;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Shakespear's Henry V.

Imagine to thyself a swarm of bees
Driven to their hive by some impending storms,
Which, at its little port, in clust'ring heaps
And climbing o'er each other's backs they enter.

Frowd's Fall of Saguntum.

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer,
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flow'rs their op'ning buds dis-
close?

How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burthen to the certain hive,
And thro' the liquid fields again to pass
Duteous and hark'ning to the sounding brass?

Prior's Solomon.

Here

Here their delicious task the fervent bees
 In swarming millions tend ; around, athwart,
 Through the soft air the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
 Suck its pure essence, its ætherial soul ;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

Thomson's Seasons.

The careful insect 'midst his works I view
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew ;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,
 And steer his distant journey through the skies :
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend ;
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend :
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Gay.

B E G G A R.

Will you then quite cast off your poor Lavinia,
 And turn me like a vagrant out of doors,
 To wander up and down the streets of Rome,
 And beg my bread with sorrow ? can I bear
 The proud and hard revilings of a slave,
 Fat with his master's plenty, when I ask
 A little pity for my pinching wants ?
 Shall I endure the cold, yet windy nights,
 To seek a shelter under dropping eaves,
 A porch my bed, a threshold for my pillow,
 Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of warmth and food,
 Swell'd with my sighs, and almost choak'd with
 tears,

Must I at the uncharitable gates
 Of proud great men implore relief in vain ?

Otway's Caius Marius.

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Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.

Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,

Or honest labour: nay what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;

Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, after me; whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,

While thou insists in this loose desp'rate course,
I would esteem the sin, not thine but his.

Ben. Johnson's Every Man in his Humour,

BEHEMOTH.

Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad feet, and puts ashore for food:
Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along,
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng,
See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and shut against a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Bult high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest, and the mountain law.
The mountains fear him; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire:

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At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He bursts to turn its current down his throat;
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

Young's Job.

—— Behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies!
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,
In wider circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wond'ring gaze.

Thomson's Seasons.

BELIAL.

—— On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels, for his thoughts were low:
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

BIGOT.

—— He was an execrable bigot,
Who for such horrid purposes had crept

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Into the cheated sultan's court and service ;
 As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.
 For know there lives upon the craggy cliffs
 Of wild Phœnician mountains, a dire race,
 A nation of assassins. Dreadful zeal,
 Fierce and intolerant of all religion
 That differs from their own, is the black soul
 Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,
 The old man (so they stile him of the mountains)
 Gives out his baleful will, however fell,
 However wicked and abhorr'd it be,
 Tho' cloath'd in danger, the most cruel death,
 They swift and silent, glide thro' every land,
 As fly the gloomy ministers of vengeance,
 Famine, and plague ; they lie for years conceal'd,
 Make light of oaths, nay, sometimes change religion,
 And never fail to execute his orders.
 Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints,
 The curse of earth, the terrors of mankind.

Thomson's Edward and Eleonora,

BILLS of EXCHANGE.

Bless'd paper credit, last and best supply,
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !
 Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings :
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to a distant shore :
 A leaf, like sybil's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow :
 Pregnant with thousands, flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent, sells a king, or buys a queen.

Pope's Moral Essays.

BIRDS.

B I R D S.

While to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
 Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the snare ;
 Pursuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,
 The wanton couple in one toil are caught ;
 In the same cage in mournful notes complain
 Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

Landdowne's British Enchanter.

When that the big impending clouds appear,
 And struggling winds proclaim some tempest near,
 The trembling birds, the coming danger fly,
 And seek for shelter from the lowering sky ;
 In wild confusion and affright divide,
 The mournful mate is sever'd from his bride ;
 But when the gloom is clear'd, the storm o'erpass'd,
 Each seeks his consort, with impatient haste ;
 Grieves till she's found, when found the joyful pair
 With warbling transports charm the list'ning air.

Beckingham's Scipio.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day !
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish nature paints the purple year ?

Pope's Pastorals.

Of birds, how each, according to her kind,
 Proper materials for her nest can find ;
 And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
 Would or amend, or imitate in vain ?
 How in small flights they know to try their young,
 And teach the callow child her parent's song ?
 Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood ?
 Why ev'ry land has her specific brood ?

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Where the tall crane, or wand'ring swallow goes,
 Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows?
 If into rocks or hollow trees they creep,
 In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
 To milder regions, and a southern sky?
 We sing. — *Prior's Solomon.*

Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
 Their brood a num'rous hatch from th' egg, that
 soon

Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclos'd
 Their callow young: but feather'd soon and fledg'd
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sub-
 lime,

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect: there th' eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build.
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
 In common rang'd in figure, wedg'd their way,
 Intelligent of seasons; and set forth
 Their airy caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands, easing their wings
 With mutual flight. So steers the prudent crane.
 Her annual voyage borne on winds, the air
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with innumber'd plumes.
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 'Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays.
 Others in silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast: the swan with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tow'r
 The mid aerial sky. Others on ground
 Walk'd firm: the crested cock, whose clarion
 sounds

The

The silent hours, and th' other, whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

BIRTH.

Birth is a shadow. Courage, self-sustain'd
Outlords succession's phlegm, and needs no an-
cestors.

I am above descent; and prize no blood.
Hill's Merope.

— Look round

Among the titled great ones of the world,
Do they not spring from some proud monarch's
flatterer,

Some favourite mistress; or ambitious minister,
The ruin of his country, while their blood
Rolls down thro' many a fool, thro' many a villain,
To its now proud possessors? *Francis's Eugenia.*

— Thy birth?

Did I not early teach thee to despise
A casual good? Thou art thyself, Ilyssus.
Inform me, youth, wouldst thou be what thou art,
Thus fair, thus brave, thus sensibly alive
To glory's finest feel; or give up all
To be descended from a line of kings,
The tenth perhaps from Jove? — I see thy cheek
Glow a repentant blush. — Our greatest heroes,
Those gods on earth, those friends of human-kind,
Whose great examples I would set before thee,
Were once unknown like thee.

Whitehead's Creusa.

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakespear's Hen. VIII.

Why should my birth keep down my mounting
spirit ?

Are not all creatures subject unto time ?
To time, who doth abuse the world,
And fills it full of hotch-podge bastardy ;
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did spring from kings ;
And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
The riff-raff of their age ; for time and fortune
Wears out a noble train to beggary ;
And from the dunghill minions do advance
To state ; and mark, in this admiring world
This is the course, which in the name of fate
Is seen as often as it whirls about :
The river Thames that by our door doth pass,
His first beginning, is but small and shallow,
Yet keeping on his course grows to a sea.

Shakespear's Cromwell.

Didst thou ne'er read in difference of good,
'Tis more to shine in virtue than in blood.

Johnson's Case is alter'd.

'Tis but in vain of my descent to boast,
When heav'n's lamp shines, all other lights be lost :
Falcons seem poor, the eagle sitting by,
Whose brood surveys the sun with open eye.

Drayton.

For to be safely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of nature's freedom, or an honest birth.
Nobility claim'd by the right of blood,
Shews chiefly, that our ancestors desir'd
What we inherit ; but that man whose actions
Purchase

Purchase a real merit to himself,
And ranks him in the file of praise and honour,
Creates his own advancement.

Fair Maid by Beaumont and Fletcher.

BLESSINGS.

—The bounteous heavens
Rain on your head whole deluges of mercies,
For this great goodness. Hear me, O ye powers!
Here upon my knees, I pray! where'er he goes
Guard him with blessings; give him his own wishes,
If to the wars he pass, renown attend him,
And growing conquest dwell upon his arms:
Let him attain by a long course of valour,
And gallant acts, to the old Roman greatness;
And when at last in triumph he returns,
May all the fighting virgins strew his way,
And with new garlands crown his coming glory.

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

Angels, preserve my dearest father's life,
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!
Oh, may he live till time itself decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Ottway's Orphan.

—Hear me bounteous heaven!
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue.

Ottway's Venice Preserv'd.

The seal of providence is sure upon thee,
 And thou wert born for yet unheard of wonders.
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

———O gracious heaven!
 Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
 For virtue and for filial piety;
 Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;
 But multiply thy mercies on his head:
 Let honour, greatness, goodness still be with him,
 And peace in all his ways.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.
 Reward him for the noble deed, just heavens:
 For this one action guard him and distinguish him
 With signal mercies, and with great deliverance,
 Save him from wrong, adversity and shame.
 Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
 And consecrate his name ev'n to time's end:
 Let him know nothing else but good on earth,
 And everlasting blessedness hereafter.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

BLINDNESS.

Hail holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born!
 Or of th' eternal coeternal beam!
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light—
 Dwelt from eternity: dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell! before the sun,
 Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, tho' long, detain'd

In

In that obscure sojourn ; while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness born,
 With other notes than to the orphan lyre,
 I sung of chaos and eternal night ?
 Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Tho' hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp : but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowl in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn !
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song : but chief
 Thee Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 (O ! where I equal'd with them in renown !)
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine :
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me ; from the chearful ways of men
 Cut off ; and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out !
 So much the rather thou cælestial light,
 Shine

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Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Milton's Par. Lost.

Oh loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon or beggary, or decrepit age!
Sight, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half;
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam! and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd this prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?
And as not feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,

To

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To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd: but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave
Bury'd, yet not exempt.

Milton's Samson Agonistes.

For oh! — while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and
streams;

Or, wond'ring, with delight ineffable, survey
The sun, bright image of his parent God;
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd spring,
Profuse of life and joy: summer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heaven and
earth;

Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame:
While others view heaven's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and lost in joy,
Fair order and utility behold:

Or unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain pursue,
Which, in one vast all-comprehending whole,
Unites th' immense, stupendous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and, through the frame,
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:

To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and
streams

One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd spring,
Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth,
To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me;
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heav'n, shall e'er these wretch'd orbs behold.

O beauty,

O beauty, harmony ! ye sister train
 Of graces ; you, who in th' admiring eye
 Of God your charms display'd, e're yet, transcrib'd
 On nature's form, your heav'nly features shone :
 Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight,
 Whilst, in your stead, a boundless waste expanse
 Of undistinguish'd horror covers all ?
 Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes
 Her inauspicious vapour ; in whose shade
 Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,
 In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep :
 With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share
 Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.

-Blacklock's Poems.

This fellow must have a rare understanding,
 For nature recompenceth the defects
 Of one part, with redundance in another :
 Blind men have excellent mem'ries, and the tongue
 Thus indispos'd, there's treasure in the intellect.

Shirley's Example.

O happiness of blindness ! now no beauty
 Inflames my lust ; no others good, my envy ;
 Or misery, my pity ; no man's wealth
 Draws my respect ; nor poverty, my scorn ;
 Yet still I see enough ! man to himself
 Is a large prospect, rais'd above the level
 Of his low creeping thoughts ; if then I have
 A world within myself, that world shall be
 My empire ; there I'll reign, commanding freely,
 And willingly obey'd, secure from fear
 Of foreign forces, or domestick treasons,
 And hold a monarchy more free, more absolute
 Than in my father's seat ; and looking down
 With scorn, or pity, on the slipp'ry state
 Of kings, will tread upon the neck of fate.

Denham's Sophy.

All

—All dark and comfortless !

Where are those various objects that but now
Employ'd my busy eyes ? where are those eyes ?
Dead are their piercing rays, that lately shot
O'er flow'ry vales to distant sunny hills,
And drew, with joy, the vast horizon in.
These groping hands are now my only guides,
And feeling all my sight.
Shut from the living while among the living ;
Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world ;
At once from bus'ness and from pleasure barr'd ;
No more to view the beauty of the spring ;
Nor see the face of kindred, or of friend.

Tate's King Lear.

B L I S S.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly,
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ;
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore ?
Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres ;
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill ?
Who finds not providence all good, all wise.
Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

Pope's Essay on Man.

See

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See the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow !
Which, who but feels, can taste, but thinks can
know ?

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good untaught, will find ;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God :
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, laws, morals all began,
All end in love of God, and love of man.

Pope's Essay on Man.

B L U S H.

See, my Palmyra comes ; the frighted blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale cheeks,
Like the first streaks of light broke loose from dark-
ness,
Dawning blushes.

Dryden's Marriage Alamode,

———What means, alas !
That blood which flushes guilty in your faces.

Dryden's State of Innocence.

O call not to this aged cheek,
The little blood which should keep warm my heart.
Dryden's Oedipus.

———Let me for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee :
From ev'ry blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

B O A R.

B O A R.

Forth from the thicket rush'd another boar,
 So large he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
 With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,
 They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back,
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
 Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
 As he already had me for his prey ;
 When brandishing my well pois'd javelin high,
 With this old executing arm I struck
 The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Otway's Orphan.

————— We pursu'd the chace,
 When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
 A monstrous boar rush'd forth : his baleful eyes
 Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
 Rose high upon his back : at me he made,
 Whetting his tusks, and chewing hideous foam.
 Then, then Hyppolitus flew in to aid me !
 Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
 He launch'd the whistling spear, the well aim'd
 javelin

Pierc'd his tough side, and quiver'd in his heart ;
 The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks,
 Plough'd up the crimson earth.

Smith's Phædra and Hyppolitus.

B O A S T I N G.

Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north and south,
 And let them grapple ; O ! the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.
 By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where

' Where fathom'd line could never touch the ground
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

Shakespear's Henry IV. Part I.

——— I've seen the day,
When with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way thro' more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.

Shakespear's Othello.

——— 'Tis yet to know
(Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonnetted to as proud a fortune,
As this that I have reach'd.

Shakespear's Othello.

——— Discretion,
And hardy valour, are the twins of honour;
And nurs'd together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker:

And we that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Beaumont's Bonduca.

My arm a nobler victory never gain'd,
And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain;
Can none remember, yes I know all must,
When glory like the dazzling eagle stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood,
When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale fates stood frighten'd on the shore;
When all th' immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God.

Lee's Alexander.

But

—But when we join'd battle,
Fierce as a winter-storm upon the main,
I rang'd the field, whilst my affrighted foes,
Like billows at the angry Neptune's frown,
Successively did vanish from my sight.
Did I not pour upon their foremost ranks
Sudden and fierce as light'ning; rush among
Their thickest squadrons, and in glorious heat,
Like thunder breaking from a teeming cloud,
Make desolation wait upon my arms?
With my drawn sword I pointed out the paths
Of dazzling fame, which none but I could tread;
Mounting that stately pyramid alone,
Whilst all my army lagg'd, and you below,
Trembling like girls stood to behold my daring.

Southern's Loyal Brothers.

Jove has poured the Nile into my hand,
The prince of rivers, ocean's eldest son;
Rich of myself, I make the fruitful year,
Nor ask precarious plenty from the sky,
Throw all my glories open to his view.

Young's Busiris.

B O M B.

See through th' encumber'd air the pond'rous bomb
Bear magazines of death within its womb;
The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
And darts bright horror through th' ætherial plain;
It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
Wheels down the heav'ns, and thunders o'er the
ground:

Th' imprison'd deaths burst out with sudden blaze,
And mow a thousand lives a thousand ways:
Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames
arise

From palaces and domes, and kindle half the skies.

Broome's Seat of the War.

BOUNTY.

B O U N T Y.

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide
 thought,
 Of all his works creative bounty burns
 With warmest beam; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest want. Nor till invok'd
 Can restless goodness wait; your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working heaven, surprizing oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descended in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! — In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the pow'r of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world.

Thomson's Seasons.

B O W E R.

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle; and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
 Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub,

Fenc'd

Fenc'd up the verdant wall : each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought

Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem. In shadier bow'r,
More sacred or sequester'd, tho' but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

Go, bid her steal into the bleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter : like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against the power that bred it.

Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing.

— Behold the unlaboured ground
Bounteous of fruit : above our shady bowers ;
The creeping jessamine thrusts her fragrant flowers ;
The myrtle, orange, and the blushing rose,
With bending heaps so high their blooms disclose,
Each seems to smell the flavours which the other
blows ;
By these the peach, the guava, and the pine,
And, creeping 'twixt them all, the mantling vine
Does round her trunks their purple clusters twine.

Dryden's State of Innocence.

— Behold the bower,
Where from the jessamin roof the dew distill'd,
And trickling from thy brow, perfum'd thy tears :
Whilst to correct the vapours of the night,
Officious love celestial perfumes breath'd,
And fann'd the moon beams with more shining
wings.

Tate's Loyal General.

The

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The scene selected for their amorous rites
Is now that bower, she terms the Paphian court,
Herself the Venus there! the ambient lake,
Which from a thousand gurgling fountains flows,
A stately train of silver swans surround,
Like naval scouts to guard their citadel!
A signal streamer from the window way'd,
Raises or falls the golden drawbridge down,
To pass, or to exclude attendant slaves,
As solitude excites or cloy's desire:
Adown the distant vale, in order rang'd,
Silken pavilions form the camp of Cupid;
Where new delights for every sense are stor'd.
Their banquets beggar Ægypt to supply;
As if they meant to waste the world he conquer'd.
Now bands of mimic maskers, light heel'd Gauls,
Melodious virgins, or the warbling eunuch,
Beguile the languid intervals of love!
To soft enervate sounds, their souls dissolve,
As fame and virtue were the scorn of greatness.

Cibber's Cæsar in Egypt.

Hie thee, poor pilgrim, to yon neighb'ring bower
O'er which an old oak spreads his awful arm,
Mantled in brownest foliage, and beneath
The ivy, gadding from the untwisted stem
Curtains each verdant side

Mason's Elfrida.

B R A V E.

The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers.
Freely without disguise they love or hate:
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

B R I B E R Y.

B R I B E R Y.

Justice herself, that sitteth wimpled 'bout
The eyes, doth it not because she will take
No gold, but that she would not be seen blushing
When she takes it: the balances she holds
Are not to weigh the right of the cause, but
The weight of the bribe: she will put up her
Naked sword, if thou offer her a golden scabbard.

Lilly's Midas.

B R U T U S and C A S S I U S.

Cas. You have condemned and noted Lucius
Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Brut. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Brut. Yet, let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus, that speaks this;
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brut. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement! —

Brut. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes;
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
 I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman. *Shakesp. Julius Cæsar.*

B R I D E.

What strange disorders youthful brides express,
 Impatient longings for the happiness;
 Approaching joys will so disturb the soul,
 As needles always tremble near the pole.
Otway's Don Carlos.

These are the fears which wait on every bride,
 And only serve for preludes to her joys;
 Short sighs, and all those motions of thy heart
 Are nature's call, and kindle warm desires:
 Soon as the friendly goddess of the night
 Shall draw her veil of darkness o'er thy blushes,
 These little, cold, unnecessary doubts
 Shall fly the circle of my folding arms;
 And when I press thee trembling to my bosom,
 Thou shalt confess, if there be room for words,
 Or even for thoughts, that all those thoughts are
 bliss. *Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
 To see the end of all her wishes near;
 When, blushing from the light, and public eyes,
 To the kind covert of the night she flies,
 With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves;
 Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

B R I T A I N.

BRITAIN.

Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession
 Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign force ;
 Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dyke,
 Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world.

Havard's King Charles I.

Heav'ns ! what a goodly prospect spreads around
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
 spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streamers, till all
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays !

Happy Britannia ! where the queen of arts,
 Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad

Walks unconfin'd, even to the farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;

Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought,

Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks, thy vallies float

With golden waves : and on the mountains flocks

Bleat numberless ; while rove around their sides

Below the blackening herds in lusty droves.

Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd

Against the mower's scythe. On every hand

Thy villa's shine, thy country teems with wealth,

And property assures it to the swain,

Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guardian toil.

Filled are thy cities with the sons of art,

And trade and joy, in every busy street,

Mingling are heard ; even Drudgery himself,

As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews

The palace stone, looks gay : thy crouded ports,

Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,

With labour burn, and eccho to the shouts

Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves

His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,

Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
 Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
 Scattering the nations where they go, and first
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning high,
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet, like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thomson's Seasons,

The slow ascending hill, the lofty wood
 That mantles o'er its brow, the silver flood
 Wand'ring in mazes through the flow'ry mead,
 The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,
 And ev'ry object, every scene, excites
 Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new de-
 lights;

Dwells chearful plenty there, and learned ease,
 And art with nature seems at strife to please:
 There liberty, delightful goddess! reigns,
 Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
 There firmly seated, may she ever smile,
 And shower her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle.

Lisle.

Alfred, go forth, lead on the radiant years,
 To thee reveal'd in vision; lo! they rise,
 Lo! patriots, heroes, sages, croud to birth,
 And bards to sing them in immortal verse!
 I see thy commerce, Britain, grasp the world;
 All nations serve thee, ev'ry foreign flood,
 Subjected pays its tribute to the Thames.
 Thither the golden South obedient pours

His

His sunny treasures; thither the soft East
Her spices, delicacies, gentle gifts:
And thither his rough trade the stormy North.
See where beyond the vast Atlantic surge,
By boldest keels untouch'd, a dreadful space!
Shores yet unfound, arise, in youthful prime,
With towering forests, mighty rivers crown;
These stoop to Britain's thunder. This new world,
Shook to its center, trembles at her name:
And there her sons, with aim exalted, sow
The seeds of rising empire, arts, and arms.

Britons proceed, the subject deep command,
Awe with your navies every hostile land:
Vain are their threats, their armies all are vain;
They rule the balanc'd world, who rule the main.

Mallet's Alfred.

England is safe, if true within itself.
'Tis better using France than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves:
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Shakespeare's Third Part of King Henry VI.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall;
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,

For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jury,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it;
 Like to a tenement, or pelling farm.
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Shakespeare's King Richard II.

A headstrong, moody murmuring race,
 As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
 God's pamper'd people whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No king could govern, nor no God could please;
 Gods they had try'd of every shape and size
 That god-smiths could produce or priests devise.
 These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty;
 And when no rule, no precedent was found
 Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
 They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
 And thought that all but savages were slaves.

Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel.

O native isle! fair freedom's happiest seat,
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat:
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns.
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain,
 No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth,
 That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?
 When

When in the shade of laws that long have stood,
Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood :
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain.

Lord Littleton.

BROOK.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain ;
A various group the herds and flocks compose ;
Rural confusion ! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which in compos'd he shakes ; and from his sides
The troublous insects, lashes with his tail,
Returning still.

Thomson's Seasons.

BUILDING.

— See, boy ! this gate,
Instructs you how t' adore the heav'ns ; and bows
you

To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n !
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

She builds in gold, and to the stars,
As if she threaten'd heav'n with wars ;

And seeks for hell in quarries deep,
Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of day. *Johnson's Cataline.*

B U L L.

— Through all his luffy veins
The bull, deep search'd, the raging passion feels;
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders; nor the inticing bud
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous madd'ning frenzy wrap'd,
He seeks the flight; and idly butting feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins;
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, the impetuous battle mix;
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near
Stands, kindling up their rage.

Thomson's Seasons.



C.

CALAMITY.

Oh, Craterus, do not insult calamity:
It is a barbarous grossness, to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down;
For if the cause be ill, I undergo
The law. *Daniel's Philotas.*

How

How wisely fate ordain'd, for human kind
Calamity ! which is the perfect glass
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves,
How justly it created life but short !
For being incident to many griefs,
Had it been destin'd to continue long,
Fate, to please fools, had done the wise great
wrong.

Davenant's Law against Lovers.

— Know, he that
Foretels his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, twice over doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny:
But we must trust to virtue, and not to fate,
That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.

Davenant's Distresses.

CALM.

See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage. With an easy course
The vessels glide, unless their speed be stop't
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas,
While ev'ry zephyr sleeps; then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather on the cordage hung
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide.

Dyer's Fleece.

When the seas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
If God in thunders bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide;
A sudden peace controuls th' enfolded deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep.

Then heaven lets down a golden streaming ray,
 And all the broad expansion flames with day.
 In the clear glass the mariners descry
 A sun inverted, and a downward sky. *Broomfield*

The tempest is o'erblown, the skies are clear,
 And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,
 That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

— We often see against some storm
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
 Is hush'd as death. *Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Cheer'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;

Milton's Paradise Regain'd.

CAMERA OBSCURA.

Often have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air,
 In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
 Through the small circle of a convex glass:
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
 The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

Gay's Poems.

CAMP.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixt centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:

Fire

Fire answers fire, and thro' their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neigh-
 ings,
 Piercing the night's dull ear. — Hark, from the tents
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation; while some
 Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
 With patience sit, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger. *Cibber's Rich. III.*

C A N E.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
 E'en sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way;
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Tho' not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes with amber tip produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily ensure a life's disease;
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to White's assemblies, or the play;
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane,
 Thus some beneath th' arm support the cane;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace:
 Oh! may I never such misfortunes meet!
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street!
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold muse experienc'd dangers sings.

Gay's Trivia.

CANTING TEACHER.

—— Here Gamaliel sage,
 Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
 Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well
 In all the gainful discipline of prayer,
 To point the holy leer, by just degrees
 To close the twinkling eye, t'expand the palms,
 T' expose the whites, and with the sightless ball
 To glare upon the croud, to raise, or sink
 The docile voice; now murmuring soft and low
 With inward accent calm, and then again,
 In foaming floods of rapt'rous eloquence,
 Let loose the storm, and thunder thro' the nose
 The threatned vengeance. *Somerville's Hob.*

C A R E.

Care, that in cloisters only seals her eyes,
 Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns:
 Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the wise,
 She visits cities, but she dwells on thrones.

Davenant's Gondibert.

All creatures else a time of love possess,
 Man only clogs with care his happiness,
 And while he should enjoy his part of bliss,
 With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.
Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

Oft while th' unthinking world is left in sleep,
 My sable genius tempts me to the steep,
 In fancy's view bids endless horror move,
 A barren fortune and a hopeless love;
 The day returns, but ah! returning day,
 When every care but mine admits allay;
 On those sad eyes its glory darts in vain;
 Its light restor'd, restores my soul to pain.

Blacklock.

Thus

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud :
And after summer, ever more succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold ;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Shakespear's 2d Part of K. Hen. VI.

Care keeps his watch in ev'ry old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lie.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Shakespear's First Part of K. Hen. VI.

Care when it once is enter'd in the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

Johnson's Tale of a Tub.

You are now destin'd to more watchful care
Than spies of faction, or the scouts of war ;
To care, which higher and more swiftly flows
Than that which from design of conquest grows,
Such as may seem to other monarchs new,
Care to reform these whom you might subdue.

Davenant.

C A S C A D E.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad :
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor even the torrid wave here finds repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Assant the hollow'd channel rapid darts,

And

And falling fast from gradual slope to slope
 With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals at last,
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Thomson's Seasons.

C A T O.

Greatly unfortunate he fights the cause
 Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome :
 His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head.
 Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
 Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Addison's Cato.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
 Can raise the senate more than Cato's presence.
 His virtues render our assemblies awful :
 They strike with something like religious fear,
 And make e'en Cæsar tremble at the head
 Of armies flush'd with conquest.

Addison's Cato.

— Turn up the eyes to Cato,
 There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man :
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself ;
 Renouncing sleep, and food, and rest, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue shall accept of none.

Addison's Cato.

C A U T I O N.

More firm and sure the hand of courage strikes,
 When it obeys the watchful eye of caution.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
 Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,

Nor

Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes,
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen;
But cautious age suspects the flattering form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
Does adamantinè faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

Johnson's Irony.

CELLAR.

Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too high,
Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie,
Should thy shoe wrench aside, then down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for mits and pears o'erthrown.

Gay's Trivia.

CENSURE.

O that the too censorious world would learn
This wholesome rule, and with each other bear!
But man, as if a foe to his own species,
Takes pleasure to report his neighbour's faults,
Judging with rigour every small offence,
And prides himself in scandal. Few there are
Who injur'd, take the part of the transgressor,
And plead his pardon, ere he deigns to ask it.

Haywood's Lunenburgh.

CEREMONY.

O hard condition, and twin born with greatness
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel, but his own cringing:
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,

That

That private men enjoy? and what have kings,
 That privates have not too, save ceremony,
 Save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of God art thou, that sufferest more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.
 What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
 What is the soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure, and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
 I am a king that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial;
 The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running before the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell:
 But, like a laquey, from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps

Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king:
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brains, little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Shakespear's King Henry V.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shewn;
But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Shakespear's Timon.

CHAIRMAN.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Pres near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side;
The laws have set him bounds, his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street:
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the fashies of Pall-Mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May, where the chairman rests, with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

Gay's Trivia.

CHAOS.

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Where scarce one chearful glimpse their steps be-
friends.

Here

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Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps,
And undisturb'd by form in silence sleeps :
A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye ;
An aukward lump of shapeless anarchy :
With fordid age his features are defac'd ;
His lands unpeopl'd, and his country waste.
Upon a couch of jets, in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods ;
No ways and means their cabinet employ,
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Garth's Dispensary.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep ; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension ; where length, breadth, and
height,
And time and place are lost ; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by compulsion stand ;
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms : they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous : unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca, or Cyrene's torrid soil ;
Levy'd to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere.
He rules a moment : Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns ; next him, high arbitor,
Chance governs all.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Saturn's Passage to Earth thro' Chaos.

The wary fiend stood on the brink of hell,
And look'd awhile into this wild abyss,
Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith

He

He had to cross : nor was his ear less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms
 With all her batt'ring engines, bent to raze
 Some capital city ; or less than if this frame
 Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground : thence many a league,
 As in a cloudy chair ascending, rides
 Audacious : but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity : all unawares,
 Flutt'ring his penons vain, plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep ; and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurry'd him
 As many miles aloft : that fury staid,
 Quench'd in a boggy syrtis, neither sea
 Nor good dry land. Nigh founder'd, on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot
 Half flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail :
 As when a gryphon, thro' the wilderness
 With winged course o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspiæ, who by stealth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold ; so eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' strait, rough, dense, or
 rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
 Born thro' the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence : when strait behold the
 throne

Of

Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful deep : with him enthron'd
 Sate sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign ; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon : Rumour next, and Chance,
 And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
 And Discord, with a thousand various mouths,
 Satan thence
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse ; and thro' the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd, wings his way.
 At last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
 Shoots far into the bosom of deep night
 A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works, a broken foe
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, hales
 Gladly the port, tho' shrowds and tackle torn.

Milton's Par. Lost.

CHARIOT.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
 With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring ;
 That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
 Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
 This coach, that with the blazon'd scutcheon glows,
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shews.
 Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps ;
 The starving orphan as he passes, weeps :
 There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,
 Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.

That

That other, with a clust'ring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind.
This next in court fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate:
O rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout.

Gay's Trivia.

CHARIOT Overturnd.

I've seen a beau in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the
 shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheels engage.
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments know;
Black floods of mire, th'embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

Gay's Trivia.

Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
It self instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all,
And wings, were set with eyes; with eyes, the wheels
Of beril; and careering fires between:

Over

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Over their heads a crystal firmament;
 Where, on a saphir throne, (inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colors of the showry arch)
 He, in coelestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought!
 Ascended: at his right hand victory
 Sate eagle wing'd; beside him hung his bow,
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd:
 And from about him fierce effusion rowl'd
 Of smoke, and bick'ring fame and sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came; far off his coming shone,
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen,
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
 On the chrySTALLIN sky, in saphir thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide: but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
 Aloft by angels born, his sign in heav'n:
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their head imbodied all in one.
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
 At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious; heaven his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smil'd.

Milton's Par. Lost.

CHARITY.

Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier, as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of blis, but height of charity.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Charity decent, modest, easy, kind;
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
 And much she suffers, as she much believes;
 Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives,
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
 His proper bound, and due restriction knows;
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
 And finishing its act exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
 But lasting charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 An happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

Prior.

Proud coaches pass regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphans, and the widows groan;
 While charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind;
 Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
 Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand;
 Those who give late are importun'd each day,
 And still are teiz'd because they still delay:
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them thro' the publick square,
 Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry:

With

With heav'n, for twopence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Gay's Trivia.

CHASTITY.

——— Chaste as the isicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

Chaster than chrystal on the Scythian cliffs,
The more the proud winds court it still the purer.

Beaumont's Double Marriage.

——— Oh ! she is a cake of ice,
Whom all the love in the empire cannot thaw ;
A dull cross thing insensible of glory,
Deaf to all promise, dead to all desire

——— She has in her
All the contempt of glory and, vain seeming
Of all the stoicks ; all the truth of christians.
And all their constancy : modesty was made
When she was first intended, when she blushes
It is the holiest thing to look upon.
The purest temple of her sex, that e'er
Made nature a blest founder.
If she were any way inclining
To ease or pleasure or affected glory
Proud to be seen or worshipp'd 'twere a venture :
But on my soul she's chaster than old camphire.

Rochester's Valentinian.

In vain your many vassals have endeavour'd
By promises, persuasions, reasons, wealth,
All that can make the foremost virtue bend,
To alter her own arguments ; like darts
Shot in the bosom of of the boundless air,
Th're lost and do not leave the least impression.

Rochester's Valentinian.

Gold

—— Cold as candy'd ice :

Not a thought starting ; free from warm desires
As the bleak girl, upon the mountains top
Cover'd with snow, beaten with constant winds,
That feeds on herbs and roots, and drinks the dew.

Lee's Mithridates.

—— She's chaste as the fann'd snow
Twice bolted o'er by the black northern blasts.

Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ
Of chastity, as blinds the adult'rous eye :
Not the mountain ice,
Congeal'd to crystal, is so frosty chaste
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,
And man's proud tyrant, passion. *Dryden.*

—— She has a hidden strength,
Which, as heaven gave it, may be term'd her own ;
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity.
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
Where thro' the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty :
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

* * * * *

Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time ;
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lions,
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The friv'lous bolt of Cupid. Gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen of the
 woods.

What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe.

* * * * *

So dear to heaven is faintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly visitants,
 Begin to cast and teem on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal. *Milton's Comus.*

— Bright goddess, Chastity!
 Thou to whose honour antient Rome decreed
 Temples and altars, when thy own Lucretia
 For glory bled: do thou protect thy votary
 From violence and shame. *Crisp's Virginia.*

The Arabian bird that never is but one,
 Is only chaste, because she is alone;

But

But had our mother nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and sparrows do.
Drayton.

The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
Is God's fair bride, and maidens souls are such.
Decker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

Thou, my love, art sweeter far than balmy
Incense in the purple smoak. Pure and
Unspotted as the cleanly ermine, ere
The hunter sullies her with his pursuit;
Soft as her skin, chaste as th' Arabian bird,
That wants a sex to woo; or as the dead,
That are divorc'd from warmth, from objects,
And from thought. *Davenant's Platonic Lovers.*

C H E A T S.

Who can the various city frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regard,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's card!
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair,
Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs, that India's shuttle boast?
Gay's Trivia.

For the dull world most homage pay to those,
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears th' elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And still the only pleasure's the deceit.

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So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no existence has but in the eye.
At distance, prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air :
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone :
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But ideots only will be cozen'd twice :
Once warn'd is well bewar'd,

Dryden's Cock and Fox.

CHILDREN.

Children, the blind effects of love and chance,
Bear from their birth the impressions of a slave.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Why do we pray for children, call them blessings,
And deem the barren womb a curse ? O marriage !
Unhappy, most unhappy of all states !
Matching with sorrow, teeming still with more,
The vex'd womb seems to bring forth to vex.

Landsdowne's Heroic Love.

Look here, and weep with tenderness and transport !
What is all tasteless luxury to this ?
To these best joys, which holy love bestows ?
O nature, parent nature, thou alone
Art the true judge of what can make us happy :

Thomson's Agamemnon.

— Our orphan children
Bind me to life. O dear, O dangerous passions !
The valiant in himself, what can he suffer ?
Or what does he regard his single woes ?
But when, alas ! he multiplies himself
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon him,
To helpless children ; then, O then, he feels

The

The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward!

Thompson's Edward and Eleonora.

Things like ourselves, as sensual, vain, invented
Bubbles; and breaths of air, got with an itching,
As blisters are and bred; as much corruption
Flows from their lives; sorrow conceives and
shapes 'em;

And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring 'em to the world to curse them,
Cares and continual crosses keeping with them.
They make time old to tend them, and experience
An ass; they alter so, they grow, and goodly,
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of
water

They fall into the main, and are known no more.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover.

What benefit can children be
But charges and disobedience? What's the
Love they render at one and twenty years?
I pray die, father. When they are young, they
Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise
And giddiness; and come to years once, there
Drops a son by the sword in his mistress's
Quarrel, a great joy to his parents: a
Daughter ripe too, grows high and lusty in
Her blood, runs away

With a supple-hamm'd serving man, his twenty
Nobles spent, takes to a trade, and learns to spin.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money.

Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? The old stock
Must decay; and sprigs, scyons, such as these,
Must become new stocks, for us to glory

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In their fruitful issue, so are we made
Immortal one by the other.

Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.

How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures?
Some only can get riches and no children,
We only can get children and no riches;
Then 'tis the prudent part to check our will,
And, till our state rise, make our blood lie still.

Middleton's Chaste Maid of Cheapside.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPER. *His Origin.*

Greatly distinguish'd is your noble line,
Ye sweepers, sprung from pedigree divine;
Your antient ancestor, whose name was Smut,
Work'd at the forge with Vulcan, in his hut:
Once as the limping God was hammering out
Those tongs that pinch'd the devil by the snout;
Smut chanc'd to jest upon his awkward frame,
Which chaf'd the bickering blacksmith into flame.
He hurl'd his hammer at the tinker's head,
Which sure had left him on the pavement dead;
But Smut was nimble, and, to shun the stroke,
Sheer up the chimney went, like wreaths of smoke;
Happy, to find so snug a hole to creep in,
And ever since he took to chimney-sweeping.

Fawkes.

CHRISTMAS.

When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries thro' all the town;
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strew,
With laurel-green, and sacred mistletoe;
Now, heav'n-born charity, thy blessings shed,
Bid meagre want up-rear her sickly head:

Bid

Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm, let plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul;
See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish avarice alone is sad. *Gay's Trivia.*

CHRISTIANITY.

— The christian beam
Illuminates my faith, and bids me trust
All that may happen to the will of heaven;
* * * * *
New force inspires me, and my strengthen'd soul
Feels energy divine: the fair example
Of stedfast martyrs, and of dying saints,
Has warm'd me to better thoughts: I now
Can with a smile behold misfortune's face,
And think the weight of miseries a trial.
The heavenly precepts brighten to my mind:
No useful part of duty left behind:
Here the consenting principles unite,
A beam divine directs our steps aright,
And shews the moral in the christian light.
Harvard's Scanderbeg.
Th' almighty christian power, that knows me in-
nocent,

Exacts (they say) long life in fix'd distress,
And suffers not the brave to shorten woe.
Hill's Alzira.

If these be christian virtues, I am a christian;
The faith that can inspire this gen'rous change,
Must be divine—and glows with all its God!
—Friendship and constancy, and right, and pity,
All these are lessons I had learnt before:
But this unnatural grandeur of the soul

Is more than mortal, and outreaches virtues:
It draws, it charms, it binds me to be christian.

Hill's Alzira.

CHURCHMEN.

— Love and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition :

Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away.

Shakesp. Hen. VIII.

Hood an afs with reverend purple,

So you can hide his two ambitious ears,

And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Johnson's Volpone.

You should, my lord, be like the robes you wear,

Pure as the dye, and like that reverend shape,

Nurse thoughts as full of honour, zeal, and purity ;

You should be the court-dial, and direct

The king with constant motion ; be ever beating,

Like to clock-hammers, on his iron heart,

To make it sound clear ; and to feel remorse,

You should unlock his soul, wake his dead con-

science,

Which, like a drowsy centinel, gives leave

For sin's vast army to beleaguer him :

His ruins will be ask'd for at your hands.

Rowley's Noble Spanish Soldier.

CITIZENS.

These base mechanics never keep their words

In any thing they promise : 'tis their trade

To swear and break ; they all grow rich by breaking

More than their words ; their honesties and credits

Are still the first commodities they put off.

Johnson's New Inn.

A broke-wing'd shop-keeper : I nose him straight !

He had no father, I warrant him, that durst own

him :

Some

Some foundling in a stall, or the church-porch,
Brought up in an hospital, and so bound 'prentice;
Then master of a shop; then one of th' inquest;
Then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alderman:
The original of both is a church-porch.

2. Of some my colonel.

1. Good faith, of most
Of your shop citizens; they 're rude animals,
And let them get but ten mile out of town,
They will out swagger all the wapentakes.

Johnson's New Inn.

We're set here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies: offend none;
We get by many, if we lose by one:
May be his mind stood to no more than that,
A pen'worth serves him, and 'mongst trades 'tis
found,

Deny a pen'worth it may cost a pound.
Oh, he that means to thrive, with patient eye,
Must please the devil, if he come to buy.

Decker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

I smile to myself, to hear
Our knights and gallants say, how they gull us
Citizens, when indeed we gull them; or,
Rather they gull themselves: here they come in
Term-time, hire chambers, and perhaps kiss
Our wives. Well, what lose I by that?
God's blessing on's heart, I say still, that makes
Much of my wife; for they were very hard
Favour'd, that none could find in his heart
To love, but ourselves.

Middleton's Family of Love.

The grey ey'd morning braves me to my face,
And calls me sluggard; 'tis time for tradesmen
To be in their shops.

Middleton's Family of Love.

doie W

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Take heed what you say, fir,
An hundred honest men ! why if there were
So many i' th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter. *Shirley's Gamester.*

——— We that had
Our breeding from a trade, cits, as you call us,
Tho' we hate gentlemen ourselves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen.
In three generations they return again :
We for our children purchase land ; they brave it
I' th' country ; beget children, and they sell,
Grow poor, and send their sons up to be 'prentices.
Poverty makes their children citizens.

Shirley's Gamester.

CITY.

There with like haste to several ways they run,
Some to undo and some to be undone ;
While luxury and wealth and war and peace,
Are each th' others ruin and increase :
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.

Denham.

——— This antient city,
How wanton sits she, amidst nature's smiles,
Nor from her highest turret has to view,
But golden land skips and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the world :
Here fruitful vales far-stretching fly the sight ;
There falls unnumber'd whiten all the stream ;
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore :

——— Various nations meet
As in the sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,

Which

Which sends out millions at each brazen gate;
 Whene'er the trumpet calls high over head;
 On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

Young's Bellerophon.

CLEMENCY.

— The rulers of the world,
 Unmercifully just, who punish all
 To the severest rigour of the laws,
 Are most unjust themselves, and violate
 The laws they seem to guard: there is a justice
 Due to humanity.

Ch. Johnson's Medea.

— No attribute
 So well befits th' exalted seat supreme,
 And power's disposing hand, as clemency.
 Each crime must from its quality be judg'd;
 And pity there should interpolate, where malice
 Is not th' aggressor.

Jones's Earl of Essex.

So prone to error is our mortal frame,
 Time could not step without a trace of horror,
 If wary nature on the human heart,
 Amid its wild variety of passions,
 Had not impress'd a soft and yielding sense;
 That when offences gave resentment birth,
 The kindly dews of penitence may raise
 The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

Glover's Boadicea.

CLIFF.

From the dread summit of this chalky bourne,
 Look what a height, the shrill-gar'd lark so far,
 Cannot be seen or heard.

Shakesp. K. Lear.

Behold the summit of yon shaggy mountain,
 That bending its black brow with dreadful scowl,
 Over the gloomy deep, affrights great Neptune.

Dennis's Iphigenia.

From the brow
Of a wild precipice, immensely horrible
And painful to the sight, the curdling blood
Chills in his heart, who treads the dangerous cliff;
For from the out-jetting top, a dreadful steep
Falls many a mile direct: the dizzy eye
Akes with contraction, and grows dim in vain,
To search th' unfounded bottom.

Hill's Fatal Vision.

Behold a cliff, whose high and bended head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring deep:
How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice: and yond tall anch'ring bark
Seems lessen'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring surge
Cannot be heard so high.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

As from a steep and dreadful precipice
The frighted traveller casts down his eyes,
And sees the ocean at so great a distance,
It looks as if the skies were sunk beneath him;
If then some neighbouring shrub, how weak soever,
Peeps up, his willing eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it.

Dryden's Rival Ladies.

A man condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

We seem to lean over some hanging cliff,
O'erlooking

O'erlooking all the wrecks that float below :
Should we stretch more beyond the verge we fall
Infinite fathoms down, and sink for ever.

Hopkins's Pyrrhus.

CLOISTER.

But let my dew feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pining organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below;
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

Milton's Il Penseroso.

CLOWN.

Here, when the distant sun lengthens the night;
When the keen frosts the shiv'ring farmer warn
To broach his mellow cask, and frequent blasts
Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze;
In his warm wicker chair, whose pliant twigs
In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch
Vault the thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in state; each arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding pillows of the softest down.
In mind compos'd, from short coeval tube
He sucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of smoak around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he sits, and impotent of thought,
Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down ye great,
And view with envious eye, the downy nest,

Where

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Where soft repose and calm contentment dwell;
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrain'd by power.
Somerville's Hob.

A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground;
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundring in the mud
His corn and cattle were his only care;
And his supreme delight a country fair.
A quarter-staff, which he ne'er cou'd forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled, as he went, for want of thought.
Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia.

COBLER.

Immortal fame and honour you derive,
From Crispin, a good cobbler, when alive;
Who kept his stall at Hockley in the Hole,
With nut-brown beer encouraging his soul:
A bonnet blue he wore upon his head,
His nose was copper, and his jerkin red;
For conj'rer and astrologer he past,
And mended understandings to his last.
Cobblers from Crispin boast their public spirit,
And all are upright, downright men of merit.
Whene'er the great shall at the little kick,
Let them remember Tom of Hampton Wyck.
Fawkes.

COCK.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I've heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
 Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine, and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 And then they say no spirit walks abroad:
 The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Now chanticler more loud began to sing,
 Stretch'd his long neck, and clapp'd his joyful wing;
 'Till to his voice the little roofs rebound,
 And the clocks answer'd with a solemn sound.

Mrs. Leapor.

Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer
 For crowing loud, the noble Chanticler.
 So hight the cock, whose singing did surpass
 The merry notes of organs at the mass.
 More certain was the crowing of this cock
 To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
 And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
 He clap'd his wings upon his roost and sung.
 High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
 In dents imbattel'd, like a castle wall:
 His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
 Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet;
 White were his nails, like silver to behold,
 His body glitt'ring like the burnish'd gold.
 This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
 Six misses had beside his lawful wife.

Dame

Dame Partlet was the sov'reign of his heart;
 Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
 He feather'd her a hundred times a day;
 And she that was not only passing fair,
 But was withal discreet and debonair;
 Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
 Tho' loath, and let him work his wicked will.
 At board and bed was affable and kind,
 According as the marriage-vow did bind,
 And as the church's precept had enjoind.
 By this her husband's heart she did obtain;
 What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
 She was his only joy, and he her pride,
 She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
 If spurning up the ground he sprung a corn,
 The tribute in his bill to her was born,
 But oh! what joy it was to hear him sing,
 In summer, when the day began to spring,
 Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,

Dryden's Cock and Fox.

C O M E T.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
 princes.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

Just like a blazing meteor, hence he shot,
 And drew a sweeping train of fire along.

Dryden's Duke of Guise.

Fallen is that comet which on high
 Portended ruin; he has spent his blaze,
 And shall distract the world with fears no more.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
 And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
 'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from
 their hair

Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war.

Broome.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
 Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
 On gazing nations, from his fiery train
 Of length enormous; takes his ample round
 Through depths of æther; coasts unnumber'd
 worlds

Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
 Heav'n's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
 From the long travel of a thousand years.

Young's Night Thoughts.

As sinks the comet below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty tremble. But (above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd to mystic faith,
 And blind amazement prone) th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail; they feel a joy
 Divinely great, they in their power exult
 That wond'rous force of thought, which mount-
 ing spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While from his far excursion through the wilds
 Of barren æther, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing monster rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining love;
 From his huge vap'ry train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

Thomson's Seasons.

C O M F O R T.

—When humbly thus,
 The great descend to visit the afflicted;

When

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When thus unmindful of their rest they come,
To sooth the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
Comfort comes with them, like the golden sun,
Dispels the mist, and cheers the house of care.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
What charitable hand will aid me now?
Will stay my failing steps support my ruins,
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Who talks of comfort to a wretch like me?
This is the house of sorrow, here it dwells,
And multiplies a race of unblest children.

Sewel's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Comfort——'tis for ease and quiet:
It sleeps upon the down of sweet content,
In the sound bed of industry and health.

Harvard's Regular.

Here is a haven yet to rest my soul on,
In midst of all unhappiness, which I look on
With the same comfort, as a distressed seaman
Afar off views the coast he would enjoy,
When yet the seas do toss his reeling bark,
Twixt hope and danger.

Shirley's Maids Revenge.

———Your comfort
Comes, as in drougths the elemental dew
Does on the earth: it wets, but leaves no moisture,
To give the fear'd plants growth.

Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

So dying men receive vain comforts
From those visitants they love, when they
Persuade them to be patient at the loss of life,
With saying they are mortal too, and mean
T' endure the like calamity; as if

To

To die were from good fellowship, from free
Intent t' accompany departing friends;
When such last courtesy proceeds not from
Their will, but nature's obstinate decree:
So if the mourns, 'tis not through willing
Kindness, but constraint.

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written trouble of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bottom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Shakespear's Macbeth.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wound;
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your for-
tunes.

Dryden's All for Love.

Thy words have darted hope into my soul,
And comfort dawns upon me.

Southern's Disappointment.

A beam of comfort, like the moon thro' clouds,
Gilds the black horror, and directs my way.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

COMFORT in Solitude.

— Might we but hear

The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed, with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathry dames;
'Twould be some solace, yet some little chearing,
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.

Milton's Comus.

COM-

COMMERCE.

Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded
 street

With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, oh Thames !
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort, on either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd regular to harmony ; around
 The boat light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings,
 While deep the various voice of servant toil
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with
 oak,

To bear the British thunder, bland and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Thomson's Seasons.

COMPLIMENT.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers,
 To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers :
 Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
 And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,
 Such are thy words. — *Gay's Dione.*

1. We are invited to dinner together,
 He and I, by one that came thither to him,
 Sir La Foole.

2. O that's a precious mannekin.

1. Do you know him ?

2. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he
 Saw you but once, though you should meet him at
 Church in the midst of prayers. — He is one

OF

Of the braveries, though he be none of
The wits. He will salute a judge upon
The bench, and the bishop in the pulpit,
A lawyer when he is pleading at the
Bar, and a lady when she is dancing
In a masque, and put her out.

Ben. Johnson's Silent Woman.

CONCEALMENT.

——— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Prey on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with the green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Shakesp. Twelfth Night.

I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And when he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone.

Dryden's Tempest.

——— I wore my flames conceal'd;
And silent as the lamps that burn in tombs,
Sigh'd only to myself, and to the winds;
Gaz'd on your beauties with the distant crowd:
Yourself at last perceiv'd my drooping care,
And forc'd the trembling secret from my breast.

Trap's Loyal General.

CONCEIT.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

I know not how conceit may rob
The treasure of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft.

Shakespear's King Lear.

Dan-

Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Shakespeare's Othello.

CONFLICT.

Whither wander my bold thoughts
Broke loose from reason, how did they run mad,
And now they are come home all arm'd with stings
And pierce my bleeding heart;
I beg the gods to disappoint my crime,
Yet almost wish 'em deaf to my desire.
I long, repent; repent, and long again,
And every moment differs from the last.

Young's Bursis.

In change of place there is no change of pain.
Contending passions urging each its claim,
Tear up my bosom with intestine war.
Shall treason go unpunish'd? shall I dip
My hands in filial blood? O fatal choice!
O cruel conflict!

Mallet's Mustapha.

Off, off vain cumbrance, ye conflicting thoughts!
Leave me to heav'n. O peace!—it will not be.
Just when I rose above mortality,
To pour her wond'rous weight of charms upon me!
At such a time it was, it was too much!
To pluck the soaring pinion of my soul,
While eagle-eyed she held her sight to heaven
O'er pain and death triumphant! help, ye saints,
Angelic ministers descend, descend!
And lift me to myself; hold hind my heart
Firm and unshaken, in the approaching ruin,
The wreck of earth-born frailty.

Brooke's Gustavus.

His

———His mind appear'd
A mighty ocean stir'd by fighting winds ;
His pace uncertain, fury in his aspect,
His bosom heaving with convulsive thoughts ;
By turns he cast his eyes severe to heaven ;
By turns he bent them gloomy on the ground :
A pause of silence where dumb horror reign'd,
More wild and more expressive to the sight
Than on the ear the storm of words can pour.

Mallet's Mustapha.

CONQUEST.

———I claim by right
Of conquest ; for when kings make war,
No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide,
But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,
Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

———Conquest is not given by chance,
But bound by fatal and resistless merit,
Waits on his arms.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

———It is too much, you dress me
Like an usurper in the borrow'd attribute
Of injur'd heaven ; can we call conquest ours ?
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,
Vaunt of himself, and say, thus have I done ?
O vain pretence to greatness ! like the moon,
We borrow all the brightness which we boast ;
Dark in ourselves and useless : if that hand
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with ho-
nour,
'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,
And arrogate a pride that is not ours.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

CONSCIENCE.

O treach'rous conscience ! while she seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song :
 While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the sicken'd rein,
 And give us up to licence unrecall'd,
 Unmark'd: see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;
 She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
 A watchful foe ! the formidable spy
 Lift'ning o'erhears the whispers of our camp ;
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryo's of iniquity.
 As all rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 The spendthrifts of inestimable time ;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd,
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass ;
 Writes our whole history, which death shall read
 In every pale delinquent's happy ear,
 And judgment publish : publish to more worlds
 Than this, and endless age in groans resound.

Young's Night Thoughts.

1. Where's thy conscience now ?
2. O, in the duke of Glo'ster's purse.
1. When he opens his purse to give us our
 Reward, the conscience flies out.
2. 'Tis no matter,
 Let it go : there's few or none will entertain it.
1. What if it come to thee again ?
2. I'll not meddle with it ; it is a dang'rous
 Thing, it makes a man a coward : A man

Cannot

Cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man
 Cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot
 Lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects
 Him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that
 Mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills
 One full of obstacles. It made me once
 Restore a purse of gold, that by chance I
 Found. It beggars any man, that keeps it.
 It is turn'd out of towns and cities for
 A dang'rous thing; and every man that means
 To live well, endeavours to trust to himself,
 And live without it. *Shakespear's Richard II.*

Foul whisp'rings are broad; unnat'ral deeds
 Do breed unnat'ral troubles: infected minds
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
Shakespear's Macbeth.

Rich. Give me a horse—bind up my wounds:
 Have mercy, heav'n! ha! soft! 'twas but a dream,
 But then so terrible, it shakes my soul:
 Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
 My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror.
 O tyrant conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
 When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating:
 I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
 I am but man, and fate do thou dispose me.
Cibber's Richard the III.

Rich. Wou'd it were done:
 There is a busy something here,
 That foolish custom has made terrible,
 To the intent of evil deeds;
 And nature too, as if she knew
 Me womanish and weak, tugs at
 My heart-strings with complaining cries,
 To talk me from my purpose——
 And then the thought of what

Men's tongues will say, of what their hearts must think ;

To have no creature love me living, nor
My memory when dead.

Shall future ages when these children's tale
Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,

And read with detestation the misdeeds of Richard,
The crook'd-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,

And bloody — Will they not say too,
That to possess the crown, nor laws divine

Nor human stopt my way ? — why let 'em say it ;
They can't but say I had the crown ;

I was not fool as well as villain.

Hark ! the murder's doing ; princes farewel,
To me there's music in your passing-bell.

Gibber's Richard III.

Conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Shakespear's Richard III.

Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe,
But to our thoughts what edict can give law ?

Even you yourself, to your own breast shall tell
Your crimes, and your own conscience be your hell.

What business hath my conscience with a crown,
She sinks in pleasures, and in bowls will drown ;

If mirth should fail, I'll busy her with cares,
Silence her clam'rous voice with louder wars,

Trumpets and drums shall fright her from the
throne,

As sounding cymbals aid the lab'ring moon ;
Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,

Spring back more strongly like a Scythian bow :
Amidst your train this unseen judge will wait,

Examine how you came by all your state ;
Upbraid your impious pomp, and in your ear

Will hollow rebel, traitor, murderer.

Your

Your ill-got power wan looks and care shall bring,
Known but by discontent to be a king;
Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit and brood your sorrows on a throne.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Were all well here, what force, what Roman arms,
What general marching at the head of millions,
Could daunt the bold, the forward Mithridates?
But here Pharnaces, in my guilty bosom,
The fatal enemy undermines me quite;
Black legions are my thoughts: not Pompey, but
Ziphæes comes with all his wrongs and arms,
Like the lieutenant of the Gods against me.
Semandra too, like bleeding victory,
Stands on his side, and cries out, kill, kill, kill,
That cursed parricide, that ravisher.
Oh heaven! sustain me, or I shall grow mad!

Lee's Mithridates.

I tell thee, boy, remorse and upstart fear
Oppress me even in spite of all my knowledge;
Tho' none of those that boast philosophy
Have made a deeper search in nature's womb
Than I; (the midnight moon has seen my watch-
ings:)

I tell thee, none can name her infinite seeds
Like me; nor better know her sparks of light.
Those gems that shine in the blue ring of heaven:
None knows more reason for or 'gainst yond first
Bright cause, can talk of accidents, above me.
Yet there's a thorn, call'd conscience, makes its way
Thro' all the fence of pleasure, fortified
With reasons, that this ill seems good to me,
And stings thy guilty father to the soul.

Lee's Mithridates.

Oh power of guilt! how conscience can upbraid!

It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what she would most conceal.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

Oh power of conscience ! even in wicked man,
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One syllable, one, not to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid act,
That e'er could stain a villain. *Lee's Oedipus.*

How shall I 'scape the stings of my own conscience?
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night ;
Casting my blotted honour in the way,
Where'er my melancholly thoughts shall guide me?
Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may
lose me ;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Wholly forget myself, and this day's guilt :
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee?
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Conscience, that in the day of fortune's favour
Securely slept, now rouses into strong
And dread conviction of her crime. I broke
The sacred oath sworn to a dying father,
To free my country from her chains. My soul
Shakes as I roll this thought. O providence,
Awfully just, tho' guilt may shut her eye,
Thine ever wakes to mark, to trace, to punish !
Mallet's Eurydice.

In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion.
(Thus on deceitful *Ætna's* flow'ry side,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,

Whil

While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage
 Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
 And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruins.

S. Johnson's Irene.

Where are thy terrors, conscience! where thy
 justice?

That this bad man dare boldly own his crimes,
 Insult thy sacred power, and glory in it.

Francis's Eugenia.

Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous
 power;

Who dost inhabit us without our leave;

And art within ourselves another self,

A master self, that loves to domineer,

And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.

How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?

Make the past, present, and the future frown?

How, ever and anon, awake the soul,

As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,

In this long restless dream, which ideots hug,

Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

Young's Brothers.

CONSPIRACY.

———O conspiracy,

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-

spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affabilities:

For if thou put thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

Shakesp. Julius Caesar.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

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And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

Say, you are conſtant, or another, a third,
Or more ; there may be yet one wretched ſpirit,
With whom the fear of puniſhment ſhall work
'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.
You are not now to think what's beſt to do,
As in beginnings ; but what muſt be done,
Being thus enter'd ; and ſlip no advantage
That may ſecure you.

B. Johnson's Cataline.

Oh ! think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods ;
Oh ! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror, and big with death.

Addiſon's Cato.

CONSTANCY.

Whence does this ſudden luſtre riſe,
That gilds the grove ? not like the noontide beam,
Which ſparkling dances on the trembling ſtream ;
Nor the blue light ning's ſaſh, ſwift-ſhooting thro'
the ſkies.

But ſuch a ſolemn ſteady light,
As o'er the cloudleſs azure ſteals,
When Cynthia riding on the brow of night,
Stops in their mid career her ſilver wheels.
Whence can it riſe, but from the ſober pow'r
Of conſtancy ? She, heav'n-born queen,
Deſcends, and in this wood-bine veſted bower
Fixes her ſtedfaſt reign :

Sted-

Stedfast, as when her high command
 Gives to the starry band
 Their radiant stations in heav'n's ample plain :
 Stedfast, as when around this nether sphere,
 She winds the purple year ;
 Tells what time the snow-drop sweet
 Its maiden whiteness may unfold ;
 When the golden harvest bend,
 When the ruddy fruits descend ;
 Then bids pale winter wake to pour
 The pearly hail's translucent show'r,
 To cast his silv'ry mantle o'er the woods,
 And bind in crystal chains the slumb'ring floods.
 The soul, which she inspires, has pow'r to climb
 To all the heights sublime,
 Of virtue's tow'ring hill ;
 That hill, at whose low foot weak warbling strays,
 The scanty beam of human praise,
 A shallow trickling rill.
 While on the summit hov'ring angels shed,
 From their blest pinions, the nectareous dews
 Of rich immortal fame ; from these the muse
 Oft steals some precious drops, and skilful blends
 With those the lower fountain lends ;
 Then show'rs it all on some high-favour'd head.
Mason's Elfrida.

Canst thou thy Tancred deem so dully form'd
 Of such gross clay, just as I reach the point —
 A point my wildest hopes could never image —
 In that great moment, full of every virtue,
 That I should then so mean a traitor prove,
 To the best bliss and honour of mankind,
 So much disgrace the human heart, as then
 For the dead form of flattery and pomp,
 The faithless joys of courts, to quit kind truth,

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The cordial sweets of friendship and of life,
The life of life ! my all, my Sigismunda !

Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.

Hear first that Athelwood's sad widow swears
To rear a hollow'd convent o'er the place,
Where stream'd his blood : there will she weep
thro' life

Immur'd with this chaste throng of virgins, there
Each day shall six times hear her full-voic'd choir
Chaunt the slow requiem to her martyr'd lord ;
There too when midnight lours with awful gloom,
She'll rise observant of the stated call
Of waking grief, bear the dim livid taper
Along the winding isles, and at the altar
Kiss ev'ry pale shrine with her trembling lips,
Press the cold stone with her bended knee, and call
On fainted Athelwood. * * * *

Hear next that Athelwood's sad widow swears
Never to violate the holy vow
She to his truth first plighted ; swears to bear
The sober singleness of widowhood
To her cold grave. If from this chaste resolve
She ev'n in thought should swerve, if gaudy pomp,
Or flatt'ring greatness e'er should tempt one wish
To stray beyond this purpose, may that heav'n
Which hears this vow, punish its violation
As heav'nly justice ought. *Mason's Elfrida.*

True constancy no time, no power can move,
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Gay's Dione.

I am constant as the northerh star ;
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament :
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and ev'ry one doth shine,

But

But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number, I do know but one -
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion. *Shakesp. Julius Cæsar*

I know thee constant,
 Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer
 The teeming earth, and then forget to bear ;
 Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
 With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams :
 Or nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
Sam. Johnson.

It is a noble constancy you shew
 To this afflicted house : that not like others,
 The friends of season, you do follow fortune,
 And in the winter of their fate, forsake
 The place, whose glories warm'd you.
Johnson's Sejanus.

CONSTERNATION.

Never was known a night of such distraction !
 Noise so confus'd and dreadful : jostling crowds
 That run, and know not whither : torches gliding,
 Like meteors, by each other in the streets.
Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Wherefore stare you thus with haggard eyes ?
 Why are your arms a-cross ?
 Your heavy and desponding heads hung down ?
 What is't you more than speak in these sad signs ?
Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Why are thy eyes thus fix'd ? What means this
 posture ?
 Tho' look'st a very statue of surprize,

As if a lightning blast had dry'd thee up,
And had not left thee moisture for a tear.

Martyn's Timoleon.

CONTEMPLATION.

———'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in the senate-house:
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?

Milton's Comus.

Last night, when with a draught from that cool
fountain

I had my wholesome sober supper crown'd;
As is my staid custom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the solemn gloom and glittering sky,
To feed my soul with prayer and meditation.
And thus to inward harmony compos'd,
That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
Whose each emotion is a silent hymn,
I to my couch retir'd.

Mallet's Alfred.

CONTENT.

On yonder blooming hawthorn spray,
The linnet wakes her temp'rate lay;
She haunts no solitary shade,
She flutters o'er no sunshine mead;
No love-lorn griefs depress her song,
No raptures lift it loudly high,
But soft she thrills, amid the aerial throng,
Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.
Sweet bird, like thine our lay shall flow,
Nor gaily loud, nor sadly slow;

For to thy note sedate and clear,
 Content still lends a list'ning ear :
 Reclin'd this mossy bank along,
 Oft has she heard thy easy song :
 Why hears not now ? What fairer grove,
 From Harewood lures her devious love ?
 What fairer grove than Harewood knows,
 More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,
 More shadowy bowers, inviting soft repose ;
 More streams slow wand'ring thro' her winding
 vales.

Perhaps to some lone cave the rover flies,
 Where lull'd in pious peace the hermit lies,
 For scorning oft the gorgeous hall,
 Where banners wave with blazon'd gold ;
 There will the meek-eyed nymph delight to call,
 And with the solemn seer high converse hold.

There, goddess, on the shaggy mound,
 Where tumbling torrents roar around ;
 Where pendant mountains o'er their head,
 Stretch their formidable shade,
 You listen, while the holy seer
 Slowly chaunts his vespers clear ;
 Or of his sparing mews partake,
 The sav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,
 The bevrage cool of limpid rill ;
 Then rising light your host you bless,
 And o'er his faintly temples bland distil
 Seraphic day, dreams of heaven's happiness.

Where'er thou art, enchanting maid !
 Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's shade :
 Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,
 Printing this dew-impearled green ;
 Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,
 Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek ;
 What time thou seek'st, with willing haste,
 Thy lov'liest throne, Elfrida's breast :

There seated on that iv'ry shrine,
 Where all the loves and graces lie,
 With them your hands shall mutual chaplets twine,
 And weave immortal wreaths of peace and joy.

Mason's Elfrida.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
 But riches endless is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Since all great souls still make their own content,
 We to ourselves may all our wishes grant;
 For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

They cannot want who wish not to have more;
 Who ever said an anchoret was poor?

Dryden's Secret Love.

He that from dust of worldly tumult flies,
 May boldly open his undazzled eyes,
 To read wise nature's books; and with delight
 Survey the plants by day, the stars by night.
 We need not travel, seeking ways to bliss;
 He that desires contentment cannot miss;
 No garden-walls this precious flow'r embrace,
 It common grows in ev'ry desert place.

Sir John Beaumont's Poems.

Lord, who would live turmoil'd in the court,
 And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
 This small inheritance, my father left me,
 Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
 I seek not to wax great by other's waining;
 Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
 Sufficeth, that I have, maintains my state;
 And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Shakespeare's Second Part of Henry VI.

Life's but a short chase, our game content,
Which most pursu'd, is most compell'd to fly;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall soonest run his courser to a stand;
While the poor peasant from some distant hill,
Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

Cibber's Richard III.

COQUETRY.

Ye lovely maids! whose yet unpractis'd hearts,
Ne'er felt the force of love's resolute darts;
Who justly set a value on your charms,
Pow'r all your wish, but beauty all your arms;
Who o'er mankind wou'd fain exert your sway,
And teach the lordly tyrant to obey;
Attend my rules, to you alone address'd,
Deep let them sink in every female breast.
The queen of love herself my bosom fires,
Assists my numbers, and my thoughts inspires:
Me she instructed in each secret art,
That first subdues and then enslaves the heart;
The sigh that heaves by stealth, the starting tear,
The melting languish, the obliging fear;
Half-utter'd wishes, broken, kind replies,
And all the silent eloquence of eyes;
To teach the fair by various wiles to move
The soften'd soul, and bend the heart to love.
Proud of her charms, and conscious of her face,
The haughty beauty calls forth ev'ry grace,
With fierce defiance throws the killing dart;
By force she wins, by force she keeps the heart.
The witty fair a nobler game pursues,
Aims at the head, but the rapt soul subdues.
The languid nymph enslaves with softer art,
With sweet neglect she steals into the heart:

Slowly

Slowly she moves her swimming eyes around,
 Conceals her shaft, but meditates the wound;
 Her gentle languishments the gazers move,
 Her voice is musick, and her looks are love :
 To few tho' nature may these gifts impart,
 What she upholds, the wise can win from art.
 Then let your airs be suited to your face,
 Nor to a languish tack a sprightly grace.
 The short round face, brisk eyes, and auburn hair,
 Must smiling joy in every motion wear ;
 The quick unsettled glance must deal around,
 Hide all design, and seem by chance to wound.
 Dark rolling eyes a languish may assume,
 These, the soft looks and melting airs become :
 The pensive head upon the hand reclin'd,
 As if some sweet disorder fill'd the mind ;
 Let the heav'd breast a struggling sigh restrain,
 And seem to stop the falling tear with pain.
 The youth, who all the soft distress believes,
 Soon wants the kind compassion which he gives.
 But beauty, wit, and youth may sometimes fail,
 Nor always o'er the stubborn soul prevail ;
 Then let the fair one have recourse to art,
 Who cannot storm, may undermine the heart.
 First form your artful looks with studious care,
 From mild to grave, from tender to severe ;
 Oft on the careless youth your glances dart,
 A tender meaning let each glance impart.
 Whene'er he meets your looks, with modest pride
 And soft confusion turn your eyes aside ;
 Let a soft sigh steal out, as if by chance,
 Then cautious turn, and steal another glance.
 Caught by these arts, with pride and hope elate,
 The destin'd victim rushes on his fate :
 Pleas'd, his imagin'd victory pursues,
 And the kind maid with soft attention views,
 Contemplates now her shape, her air, her face,
 And thinks each feature wears an added grace ;

'Till

'Till gratitude, which first his bosom proves,
 By slow degrees sublim'd at length he loves.
 'Tis harder still to fix than gain a heart ;
 What's won by beauty must be kept by art.
 Too kind a treatment the best lover cloy,
 And oft despair the growing flame destroys :
 Sometimes with smiles receive him, sometimes tears,
 And wisely balance both his hopes and fears.
 Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited pains,
 Condemns your sway, and strives to break his
 chains ;

Behaves as if he now your scorn defy'd,
 And thinks at least he shall alarm your pride :
 But with indifference view the seeming change,
 And let your eyes to seek new conquests range ;
 While his torn breast with jealous fury burns,
 He hopes, despairs, adores and hates by turns :
 With anguish now repents the weak deceit,
 And powerful passion bears him to the feet.
 Strive not the jealous lover to perplex,
 Ill suits suspicion with that haughty sex ;
 Rashly they judge, and always think the worst,
 And love is often banish'd by distrust,
 To these an open free behaviour wear,
 Avoid disguise, and seem at least sincere ;
 Whene'er you meet affect a glad surprise,
 And give a melting softness to your eyes :
 By some unguarded word your love reveal,
 And anxiously the rising blush conceal.
 By arts like these the jealous you deceive,
 They're most deluded when they most believe.
 But while in all you seek to raise desire,
 Beware the fatal passion you inspire :
 Each soft intruding wish in time reprove,
 And guard against the sweet invader love.
 Not for the tender were these rules design'd,
 Who in their faces show their yielding mind :

Whose

Whose eyes a native languishment can wear,
 Whose smiles are artless, and whose blush sincere;
 But for the nymph who liberty can prize,
 And vindicate the triumph of her eyes:
 Who o'er mankind a haughty rule maintains,
 Whose wit can manage what her beauty gains:
 Such by these arts their empire may improve,
 And unsubstid'd controul the world by love.

CORRUPTION.

Unless corruption first deject the pride
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
 All crude attempts of violence are vain;
 For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
 Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
 But soon as independance stoops the head,
 To vice enslaved, and vice-created wants,
 Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
 Their craving lusts with fatal bounty feeds,
 They fall a willing, undefended prize:
 From man to man th' infectious softness runs,
 'Till the whole state unnerv'd in slavery sinks.

Thomson's Liberty.

At length corruption, like a general flood,
 So long by watchful ministers withstood,
 Shall deluge all; and a'rice creeping on,
 Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
 Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
 Peerefs and butler share alike the box:
 And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
 And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.
 See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
 And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms.

Pope's Essays.

Since from the corruption of one
 We must conclude the generation of

Another,

Another, though not always in the same
 Profession; the corruption of an apothecary,
 May be the generation of a doctor
 Of physick; the corruption of a citizen
 May beget a courtier, and a courtier
 May very well beget an alderman:
 The corruption of an alderman may
 Be the generation of a country justice,
 Whose corrupt ignorance easily may
 Beget a tumult; a tumult may beget
 A captain, and the corruption of a
 Captain may beget a gentleman-usher;
 And a gentleman-usher may beget
 A lord, whose wit may beget a poet;
 And a poet may beget a thousand pound
 A year, but nothing without corruption.

Admiral of France, by Chapman and Shirley.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
 Of an unmeasurable length: they spread
 Ev'ry where; and the dew that drops from thence
 Hath infected some chairs, and stools of authority.

Honest Man's Fortune, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

COUNTRY.

Not all the fights your boasted garden yields,
 Are half so lovely as my father's fields,
 Where large increase has bless'd the fruitful plain,
 And we with joy behold the swelling grain!
 Whose heavy ears, toward the earth reclin'd,
 Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking wind.

Mrs. Leapor.

My guardian, bear me on thy downy wing
 To some cool shade, where infant flowers spring,
 Where on the trees sweet honeysuckles blow,
 And ruddy daizies paint the ground below:

Where

Where the shrill linnet charms the solemn shade,
 And zephyrs pant along the cooler glade,
 Or shake the bull-rush by a river-side,
 While the gay sun-beams sparkle on the tide:
 Oh ! for some grot, whose rustic sides declare
 Ease, and not splendor, was the builder's care ;
 Where roses feed their unaffected charms,
 And the curl'd vine extends her clasping arms :
 Where happy silence lulls the quiet soul,
 And makes it calm as summer waters roll.
 Here let me learn to check each growing ill,
 And bring to reason disobedient will ;
 To watch this incoherent breast, and find
 What fav'rite passions rule the giddy mind.
 Here no reproaches grate the wounded ear ;
 We see delighted, and transported hear :
 While the glad warblers wanton round the trees,
 And the still waters catch the dying breeze.
 Grief waits without, and melancholy gloom ;
 Come, chearful hope, and fill the vacant room ;
 Come, ev'ry thought, which virtue gave to please ;
 Come, smiling health ! with thy companion, ease.
 Let these, and all that virtue's self attends,
 Bless the still hours of my gentle friends.
 Peace to my foes, if any such there be,
 And gracious heaven give kind repose to me.

Mrs. Leapor.

Ah, prince ! had'st thou but known the joys which
 dwell
 With humble fortunes, thou would'st curse thy
 royalty.
 Had fate allotted us some obscure village,
 Where, with life's necessities bless'd alone,
 We might have pass'd in peace our happy days,
 Free from the snares which crowns and empires
 bring ;

No

No wicked statesmen would with impious arts
Have striven to wrest from us our small inheritance,
Or stir the simple hinds to noisy faction.

Rowe's Ambitious Step-mother.

Hail, ye soft seats ! ye limpid springs and floods
Ye flow'ry meads, ye vales and mazy woods !
Ye limpid floods, that ever murm'ring flow !
Ye verdant meads, where flow'rs eternal blow !
Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play !
Ye woods where little warblers tune their lay !
Here grant me, heav'n, to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays ;
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring, as to rest ;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame,
Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came ;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Broome.

And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white impurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy.

Thomson's Seasons.

Oh ! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he ; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of a rural life.
What, though the dome be wanting, whose proud
gate

Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! what though the glitt'ring robe
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?

What

What though from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? what though his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor, sunk in beds
 Soft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain,
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits: whatever greens the spring
 When heav'n descends in show'rs, or bends the
 boughs;
 When summer reddens, and when nature beams;
 Or in the wint'ry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast beneath the shade;
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay,
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unfollied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Thomson's Seasons.

COUNTRY

COUNTRY SQUIRE.

They say he's one was wise before he was
 A man, for then his folly was excusable ;
 But since he came to be of age, which had
 Been a question till his death, had not
 The law given him his father's lands, he is
 Grown wicked enough to be a landlord.
 He does pray but once a year, and that's for
 Fair weather in harvest ; his inward senses
 Are sound, for none comes from him ; he speaks
 words,

But no matter, and therefore is in election
 To be of the peace and quorum, which his
 Tenants think him fit for ; and his tutor's
 Judgment allows, whom he maintains to make
 Him legs and speeches. He feeds well himself,
 But in obedience to government, he
 Allows his servants *fasting* days : he loves
 Law, because it kill'd his father, whom the
 Parson o'erthrew in a case of tythes ;
 And in memory wears nothing suitable ;
 For his apparel is a cento,
 The ruins of ten fashions : he does not
 Much care for heaven, for he's doubtful of any
 Such place, only hell he's sure of, for the
 Devil sticks to his conscience.——

————— Therefore he
 Does purpose when he dies, to turn his sins
 Into alms houses, that posterity
 May praise him, for his bountiful ordination
 Of hot pottage. *Shirley's Witty Fair One.*

————— In Easter term,
 My young master's worship comes to town ;
 From pedagogue and mother just set free,
 The hopeful heir of a great family ;

That

That with strong beer and beef the country rules,
 And ever since the conquest have been fools.
 And still with careful prospect to maintain
 That character, lest crossing of the strain
 Should mend the booby-breed, his friends provide
 A cousin of his own to be his bride.

And thus set out

With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
 The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life;
 Dunghil and pease forlook, he comes to town,
 Turns spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.

Rochester's Poems.

COUNTRY SQUIRE *drunk.*

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
 Where every table floats in clammy beer,
 'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor
 Dead drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
 Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands;
 The mighty bumper trembles in his hands:
 Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious fires,
 In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

Gay's Pastorals.

1. What a fine man hath your taylor made you?

2. 'Tis quite contrary,

I have made my taylor, for my cloaths are paid for,
 As soon as put on: a sin your man of title
 Is seldom guilty of: but heav'n forgive it,
 I've other faults too, very incident
 To a plain gentleman. I eat my venison,
 With my neighbours in the country, and present
 not

My pheasants, partridges, and growse to th' us'rer,
 Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.

I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
 With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me

Credit

Credit with her husband when I come to London.
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expences.
I can make a wife a jointure of such lands too,
As are not incumber'd, no annuity
Or statute lying on them.

Massinger's City Madam.

You're a country gentleman; a gallant
Out of fashion all the year; but 'specially
At sessions, and upon high holidays, when
Your fatten doublet draws away the eyes
Of the simple, and distracts their devotion
Almost into idolatry; giving it more
Worship than the heralds ever gave
Your ancestors. You intend, as I understand,
To come forth in a new edition; and
When the mercers and taylors have new printed
You, and that some genteel wit may be read
In your character, to marry a wife
In the city. You shall then have a pass
Seal'd upon her by a courtier; be ship'd
At cuckold's haven, and so transported.

Covent Garden, by Nabbes.

COUNTRY MAIDEN.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
Such happiness and such unblemish'd fame
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame;
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholly stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs

Her

Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost :
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs,
 If love's soft passions in her bosom reign,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain ;
 No home bred jars her quiet state controul,
 No watchful jealousy torments her soul ;
 With secret joy she sees her little race
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace ;
 The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull ;
 Or from the spindle draw the lenth'ning wool.
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind. *Gay.*

C O U R A G E.

I dare do all that may become a man,
 He who dare more is none.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

— He dares much ;
 And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He has a wisdom that still guides his valour
 To act in safety.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

— What man dare I dare,
 Approach, thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcanian tyger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

All desp'rate hazards courage do create,
 As he plays frankly who has least estate :
 Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
 Are more than armies to procure success.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Make thy demands to those that own thy power !
 Know I am still beyond thee : and tho' fortune

Has

Has stript me of this train, this pomp of greatness,
This outside of a king, yet still my soul
Fix'd high, and of herself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal ! and even now
As at the head of battle, does defy thee !
I know what power the chance of war has given,
And dare thee to the use on't.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

True courage but from opposition grows ;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty.

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

C O U R T.

Well, of all plagues which make mankind their
sport,
Guard me, ye heav'ns, from that worst plague, a
court.

Midst the mad mansions of Moorfields, I'd be
A straw-crown'd monarch, in mock majesty ;
Rather than sovereign rule Britannia's fate,
Curs'd with the follies and the farce of state,
Rather in Newgate walls, O let me dwell,
A doleful tenant of the darkling cell,
Than swell in palaces the mighty store
Of fortune's fool, and parasites of power,
Than crowns, ye gods ! be any state my doom,
Or any dungeon but — a drawing room.

Paul Whitehead.

C O U R T and C O U R T I E R.

—— Courtiers are
High cowards in revenge among themselves,
And only valiant when they mischief others :
Stars that would have no names

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But for the ills they threaten in conjunction:
A race of shallow and unthinking pilots,
Who oft misguide the ship even in a calm,
And in great storms serve but as weights to sink it.
Suckling's Brennoralt.

The court's a golden, but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
In crystal forms sit tempting innocence;
And beckon early virtue from its centre.

Lee's Nero.

I have no business there;
I have not lavish temp'rance enough
To attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me, for the fa-
vour.

Otway's Orphan.

Courts are the places where best manners flourish,
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
Make shew. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I
Have sense enough to sooth him in his follies,
And ride him to advantage as I please?

Otway's Orphan.

What man of sense would rack his gen'rous mind,
To practise all the base formalities
And forms of bus'ness? force a grave starch'd face,
When he's a very libertine in's heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in publick,
When privately, perhaps they meet together,
And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin?
Such things are done in courts.

Otway's Orphan.

Would you be happy, leave this fatal place;
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood,
Where innocence is shunn'd, and blushing modesty

Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the mask of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state,
To lick and kiss the hand that buffets me.
Nor can I smile upon my guest, and praise
His stomach, when I know he feeds on poison,
And death disguis'd sits grinning at my table.

Sewel's Walter Raleigh.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts;
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

S. Johnson's Irene.

Do laws and kings then call injustice vengeance?
Shame on the great! why long'd my eyes for courts?
—Haughty of heart, why have they souls thus ab-
ject?

You threaten, praise, fright, flatter, and insult, me!
—Gods! what a creeping climbing, hot cold crea-
ture

Is this big little flutt'rer call'd a courtier!

Hill's Merope.

Thou art too good for courts.—where ruin preys
On innocence; and nought but guile is safe.

Hill's Merope.

———The noblest proof of love
That Athelwood can give, is still to guard
Your tender beauties from the blasting taint
Of courtly gales. The delicate soft tints
Of snowy innocence, the crimson glow
Of blushing modesty, there all fly off
And leave the faded face no nobler boast
Than well-rang'd, lifeless features. Ah, Elfrida,
Should you be doom'd, which happier fate forbid!

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To drag your hours thro' all that nauseous scene
Of pageantry and vice ; your purer breast,
True to its virtuous relish, soon would heave
A fervent sigh for innocence and Harewood.

Mason's Elfrida.

These statesmen nothing woo, but gold and power
I'm a bold advocate for other love ;
Tho' at their bar, indicted for a fool !

Young's Brothers.

———Bred in camps,
Train'd in the gallant openness of truth,
That best becomes a soldier ; thou, my friend,
Art happily a stranger to the baseness
The infamy of courts. — Achmet, the Caspian,
When terrible with tempest, is less fatal
To the frail bark that plows it, than a court
To innocence and worth. *Mallet's Mustapha.*

Th' eminent court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessing, is a sun
That draws men up from coarse and earthly being:
I mean these men of merit that have pow'r
And reason to make good her benefits :
Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues
Sweetness of language, makes them apt to please ;
Files off all rudeness, and uncivil 'haviour,
Shews them, as neat in carriage, as in cloaths.

Noble Gentleman by Beaumont and Fletcher.

1. 'Tis but the same thing we do at court ; here's
Ev'ry man striving who shall be foremost, and
Hotly pursuing of what he seldom
O'ertakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.

2. He that's best hors'd, that is, best friended, gets
In soonest, and then all he has to do
Is to laugh at those that are behind.

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1. To be in view, is to be in favour.
Is it not ?

2. Right ; and he that has a strong passion
Against him, hunts upon a cold scent, and
May in time come to a loss.

1. Here's one rides two miles about, while
Another leaps a ditch, and is in before him.

2. Where, note, the indirect way's the nearest.

1. Good again. —————

2. And here's another puts on, and falls into
A quagmire, that is, follows the court till
He has spent all ; for your court quagmire is
Want of money : there a man is sure to
Stick, and not one helps him out, if they
Do not laugh at him.

1. What think you of him that hunts after my
Rate, and never sees the deer ?

2. Why he is like some young fellow, that fol-
lows

The court, and never sees the king.

1. To spur a horse till he is tir'd, is ———

2. T' importune a friend till he be weary of you.

1. For then, upon the first occasion, y'are
Thrown off, as I was now.

Suckling's Aglaura.

I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd ;
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose ; and took't away again,
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff ——— and still he smil'd and talk'd ;

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And as the soldiers bear dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse,
 Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
 My pris'ners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I, then, all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Answer'd, neglectingly I know not what;
 He should, or should not; for he made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; God save the
 mark!

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth,
 Was sperma cæti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good, tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

Shakespear's Henry IV. Part I.

COURTESY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended; in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 It cannot be I should fear to change it.

Milton's Comus.

COURTSHIP.

COURTSHIP.

1. A man should not doubt to overcome
Any woman: think he can vanquish 'em,
And he shall: for though they deny, their desire
Is to be tempted. Penelope herself
Cannot hold out long. Offend, you saw, was
Taken at last. You must persevere, and
Hold to your purpose. They would solicit us,
But that they are afraid. Howsoever,
They wish in their hearts we should solicit
Them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never
Want eloquence, or trust: ev'n the chaste
Delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd: with
Praises you must mix kisses too; if they
Take them, they'll take more. Though they strive,
They would be overcome.

2. O, but a man must beware of force.

1. It is to them an acceptable violence,
And has oft-times the place of the greatest
Courtesy. She that might have been forc'd, and
You let her go free without touching, though
Then she seem to thank you, will ever hate
You after; and glad i' th' face, is assuredly
Sad at the heart.

2. But all women are not to be taken all ways.

1. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes.
If you appear learned to an ignorant
Wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty
To a foolish, why she presently begins
To mistrust herself. You must approach them
In their own height, their own line; for the
Contrary makes many that fear to commit
Themselves to noble and worthy fellows,
Run into the embraces of a rascal.
If she love wit, gives verses, though you borrow
Them of a friend; or buy them, to have good.

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If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent
 In the mention of quarrels, though you be
 Not staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen
 On your Barbary often; or leaping
 Over stools, for the credit of your back.
 If she love good cloaths, or dressing, have your
 Learn'd council 'bout you ev'ry morning,
 Your French taylor, barber, milliner, &c.
 Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be
 Your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for
 The ornament of your head than the safety:
 And with the commonwealth rather troubled
 Than a hair about you that will take her.
 Then if she be covetous, and craving,
 Do you promise any thing, and perform
 Sparingly, so shall you keep her appetite.
 Still seem as you would give, but be like a
 Barren field, that yields little, or unlucky
 Dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let
 Your gifts be slight and dainty, rather
 Than precious; let cunning be above cost. Give
 Cherries at time of year, or apricots;
 And say, they came out of the country,
 Though you bought them in Cheap-side. Admire
 Her tires, like her in all fashions,
 Compare her in every habit to some deity;
 Invent excellent dreams to flatter her,
 And riddles; or, if she be a great one,
 Perform always the second parts to her;
 Like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and
 Fail not to make the household and servants
 Yours: yea, the whole family, and salute
 Them by their names, ('tis but light cost if you
 Can purchase them so) and make her physician
 Your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor
 Will it be out of your gain to make love to her too,
 So she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure.
 All blabbing is taken away, when she

Comes

Comes to take part of the crime.

Ben. Johnson's Silent Woman.

C O W A R D.

Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that man should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

———Milk-liver'd man,
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrong,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering.

Shakespear's King Lear.

A coward is the kindest animal;
'Tis the most forgiving creature in a fight.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

Cowards in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are sure to be defeated.

Young's Brothers.

C R E A T I O N.

Wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight.
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd:
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.

Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
 And the ethereal quintessence of heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to start,
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.

Milton's Par. Lost.

On heavenly ground they stood and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
 Outragious as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
 Silence, yet troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!

Said then th' omnific word, your discord end----

Nor staid; but, on the wings of cherubim
 Up-lifted in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things.

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure;
 And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O world!

Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth!
 Matter unform'd and void! darkness profound
 Cover'd th' abyss; but on the watry calm
 His brooding wings the spirit of God out-spread,
 And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd

The

The black tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the rest to several place
Disparted; and between, spun out the air:
And earth self-ballanc'd on her centre hung.

Milton's Par. Lost.

CREDULITY.

Should we by too much confidence betray'd,
Fall a defenceless prey to villainy,
What could be said for us? 'tis wrong to trust
Those, whom their very priests instruct to keep
No faith with us.

When wicked men make promises of truth,
'Tis weakness to believe 'em.

Scanderbag by Howard.

— O credulity;

Thou hast as many ears as fame has tongues,
Open to every sound of truth as falsehood?

Charles the First by Howard.

CRONE, or old Woman.

Thro' a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,
And meditated on the last night's vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double.
Picking dry sticks and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum, were gall'd and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wi-
ther'd,

And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her,
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white;
yellow,

And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness:
Otway's Orphan.

While he the wonders of the place surveyed,
 And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,
 In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
 Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood:
 But more deform'd than dreams can represent
 The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
 The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
 And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
 She look'd as Nature made her to disgrace
 Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race.
 Her shrivell'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd,
 Like mouldy records seem'd, her eyes were blear'd:
 Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook,
 Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
 From the dark nook out crept the filthy crone,
 And, propp'd upon her crutch, came tott'ring on.
Dr. Lisle's Porfenna.

C R O W N.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
 What but the glaring meteor of ambition,
 That leads the wretch benighted in his errors,
 Points to the gulph, and shines upon destruction!
Gustavus Vasa by Brooke.

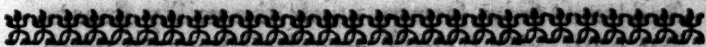
Why now my golden dream is out——
 Ambition, like an early friend, throws back
 My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
 To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown,
 Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds;
 Oh! how thy awful glory fills my soul!
 Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre;
 For, not men's love, fear pays thee adoration,
 And fame not more survives from good than evil
 deeds.

Th'as-

Th' aspiring youth, that fir'd th' Ephesian dome,
 Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that rais'd it.
 Conscience lie still, more lives must yet be drain'd;
 Crowns got with blood, must be with blood main-
 tain'd. *Richard the Third by Cibber.*

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide,
 To many a watchful night: sleep with it now:
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit
 Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety.

Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth, Part the Second.



D.

DAGON.

—Next came one
 Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge:
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers,
 Dagon his name; sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
 And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds,

DAIRY MAID.

—Marian lov'd the swain,
 The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.

Marian

Marian that soft could stroke the uddered cow,
 Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow :
 Marbled with sage, the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
 And yellow butter Marian's skill confes'd.
 But Marian now devoid of country cares,
 Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese prepares :
 For yearning love the witless maid employs,
 And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.

Gay's Pastorals.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
 I shall her goodly countenance espy ;
 For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
 Set off with kerchiefs starch'd, and pinners clean.
 Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
 Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
 Whilom I've seen her skim the mantling cream,
 And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
 But now, alas ! these ears shall hear no more
 The whining swine surround the dairy door :
 No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.

Gay's Pastorals.

D A M N E D.

What do the damned endure but to despair ?
 But knowing heaven, to know it lost for ever.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Ev'n thus in hell wander the restless damn'd ;
 From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run ;
 Then from their frosts to fires return again,
 And only prove variety of pain.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

What ! thou a statesman,
 And make a business of damnation
 In such a world as this ; why 'tis a trade :

The

The scrivener, usurer, lawyer, shopkeeper,
 And soldier cannot live but by damnation:
 The politician does it by advance,
 And gives all gone before hand.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
 A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damietta and mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns froze, and cold performs th'effect of fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
 fierce!

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time. Thence hurried back to fire,
 They ferry over this Lethean sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish, and struggle as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose:
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink:
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th'attempt
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight; as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th'advent'rous bands
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found

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No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
of death;

A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable; and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeræes dire.

Milton's Par. Lost.

DANCING.

Now softly slow let Lydian measures move,
And breath the pleasing pangs of gentle love.
In swimming dance on airs soft billows float,
Soft heave your bosoms with the swelling note:
With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high;
Till lively gesture each fond care reveal,
That musick can express, or passion feel.

Milton's Comus.

Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mixed and involv'd, a thousand sprightly ways,
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While a gay insect in his summer shine,
The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Thomson's Seasons.

The gaudy bands advance in trim array,
Love beats in ev'ry vein, from ev'ry eye
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they bound,
Now

Now to brisk airs, and to the speaking strings
 Attentive, in midway the sexes meet ;
 Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press
 To strict embrace, as resolute to force
 And storm a passage to each other's heart :
 Till, by the varying notes forewarn'd, back they
 Recoil disparted : each with longing eyes
 Pursues his mate retiring, 'till again
 The blended sexes mix ; then hand in hand
 Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
 In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
 Pleas'd with the grateful toil, incessant shake
 Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
 Sonorous ; down each brow the trickling balm
 In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh
 The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills
 The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
 When Orpheus play'd a lesson to the brutes,
 The listening savages ; the speckled pard
 Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
 The lion gambol'd.

Somerville's Rural Games.

DEATH.

Nurse. She's dead, she's dead : alack the day !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her--Out alas, she's cold.
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
 Life and these lips have long been separated :
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
 Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris, with musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
 O son, the night before the wedding-day

Death

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Death has embrac'd thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him!

Oh Juliet, oh my child, my child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day.

Cap. Most miserable hour, that Time 'ere saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to enjoy and solace in,

And cruel death hath snatch'd it from my sight.

Fri. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness;
Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now heav'n hath all---dry up your fruitless tears:

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

For here lies Juliet---oh my love, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;

Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Oh Juliet, why art thou yet so fair---here, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-weary flesh.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

How pale appear

Those clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour
glow'd!

Odious spectacle!---How humble now

Lies that ambition which was late so proud!

Smollett's Regicide.

I wish to die, yet dare not death endure;

Detest the medicine, yet desire the cure.

Oh!

Oh! that I'd courage but to meet my fate;
That short dark passage to a future state;
That melancholy riddle of a breath,
That something, or that nothing, after death.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Death shuns the naked throat and proffer'd breast,
He flies when call'd to be a welcome guest.

Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die.
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, tho' they resolve to go.
As some faint pilgrim standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round;
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and sighing, pulls it back;
Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his leap, and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again:
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey,
And feel before me in an unknown way.

Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

Death is the privilege of human Nature;
And life without it were not worth our taking.
Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

'Tis not the Stoicks lesson got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertation,
That can support thee in that hour of terror.

Books.

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Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they start and stand
aghast. *Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

'Tis but to die !

'Tis but to do what at this very moment,
In many nations of the peopled earth,
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me :
'Tis but to close my eyes, and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
And be a weeping witness of their woes.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

I was born to die :

'Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing.
Ages and generations pass away,
And with resistless force, like waves o'er waves,
Rolls down the irrevocable stream of time,
Into the insatiate ocean of for ever. *Rowe.*

But how will this dismantled soul appear,
When stripp'd of all it lately held so dear ;
Forc'd from its prison of expiring clay,
Afraid and shiv'ring at the doubtful way !

Mrs. Leaper.

Oh death, all eloquent ! you only prove,
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

The ports of death are fins, of life good deeds ;
Through which, our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he then, that should stray,
And hath it in his power to make his way ?
This world death's region is, the other life's :
And here it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it :
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

Rowe.

The

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lonely bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envy'd kiss to share.

Gray's Elegy.

The dead how sacred ! sacred is the dust,
 Of this heaven-laboured form erect divine !
 This heav'n-assumed majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.

Thomson's Seasons.

Yet tell me, frightened reason, what is death ;
 Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath.
 The utmost limit of a narrow span,
 And end of motion, which with life began ?
 As smoke, that rises from the kindling fires,
 Is seen this moment, and the next expires :
 As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
 Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost :
 So vanishes our state, so pass our days :
 So life but opens now, and now decays :
 The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,
 To live is scarce distinguished from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 Death only shews us, what we knew was near.
 With courage therefore view th' appointed hour ;
 Dread not death's anger, but expect his power ;
 Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn ;
 But die, O mortal man ! for thou wast born.

Prior's Solomon.

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither,

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
 Then Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll;
 Suck my last breath; and catch my flying soul!
 Ah! no;—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand:
 Present the cross beneath my lifted eye;
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
 To make a virtue of necessity:
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
 The bad grows better, which we well sustain.
 And could we chuse the time, and chuse aright,
 'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
 When we have done our ancestors no shame,
 But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame.
 Then should we wish our happy life to close,
 And leave no more for fortune to dispose;
 So should we make our death a glad relief
 From future shame, from sickness, and from grief;
 Enjoying, while we live, the present hour,
 And dying in our excellence and flow'r.
 Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend should
 run,

And joy us of our conquest eas'ly won:
 While the malicious world, with envious tears,
 Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears,
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.
 To die is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

The

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The wise through thought, th' insults of death defy;
The fools through blest'd insensibility.

'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave:
It eases lovers, sets the captives free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Garth's Dispensary.

Oh! when will death (now stingless) like a friend,
Admit me of his choir? Oh! when will death,
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies;
Great Future! glorious pattern of the past
And present! when shall I thy shrine adore?
From Nature's continent, immensely wide,
Immensely blest'd, this little isle of life,
This dark, incarcerating colony
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to Nature's great metropolis,
And readmits us thro' the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our father's throne;
Who hears our advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Tell me, some God! my guardian angels! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand
quivers

Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?

Young's Night Thoughts.

Part

Part of an Ode in Mason's Caractacus.

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
 That shook th' earth with thund'ring tread.
 'Twas death ! — in haste
 The warrior past ;
 High tower'd his helmed head :
 I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
 I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
 I saw his giant arm his falchion wield,
 Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd th' angry
 air.

On me (he cry'd) my Britons wait,
 To lead you to the field of fate,
 I come : yon carr
 That cleaves th' air
 Descends to throne my state ;
 I mount your champion and your God :
 My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong :
 Hark to my wheels of brass that rattle loud !
 Hark to my clarion shrill, that brays the woods
 among !

Fear not now the fever's fire,
 Fear not now the death-bed groan,
 Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan.
 These domestic terrors wait
 Hourly at my palace gate,
 And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
 These on the tyrant king and coward slave,
 Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their
 grave. }

But you my sons at this high hour,
 Shall share the fullness of my power,
 From all your bows,
 In levell'd rows,
 My own dread shafts shall shower,

Go then to conquest, gladly go,
 Deal forth my dole of destiny,
 With all my fury dash the trembling foe
 Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's
 pale spectres lie.

Where creeps the ninefold stream profound
 Her black inexorable round,
 And on the bank
 To willows dank,
 The shivering ghosts are bound.
 Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
 To full-orb'd pride, and all decline,
 Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell;
 Not such the meeds that crown the sons of free-
 dom's line.

No, my Britons, battle slain,
 Rapture gilds your parting hour:
 I that all despotic reign,
 Claim but thou a moment's power.
 Swiftly the soul of British flame
 Animates some kindred frame,
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial ecstasies,
 Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies. }

D E C E I T.

Out, out Hyena, these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray.
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess and promise wonders in her change;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill,

Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,
 With goodness principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Intangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off:
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

Samson Agonistes.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glossing court'sy,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy hearted man,
 And hug him into snares.

Milton's Comus.

—— Since the tyrant
 Tempts to betray, reward him with his own;
 Deceive deceivers, and deceit grows virtue.

Hill's Merope.

If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs beware!
 Those who most promise are the least sincere.
 The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
 And in his pounces bears the trembling dove,
 The pilf'ring wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence,
 But the false courtier preys on innocence:
 If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs beware!
 Those who most promise are the least sincere.

Gay's Dione.

Courtiers I know are disciplin'd to cheat,
 Their infant lips are taught to lisp deceit,
 To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
 And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
 Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood, they assail,
 And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.

Gay's Parthenia.

DECEMBER.

D E C E M B E R.

Let others love soft summer's ev'ning smiles,
 As, listening to the water's distant fall,
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west,
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
 Then when the sullen shades of ev'ning close,
 Where thro' the room a blindly glimm'ring gleam
 The dying embers scatter, far remote
 From mirth's mad shouts that thro' th' illumin'd roof
 Resound with festive echo, let me sit
 Blest with the lively cricket's drowsy dirge.
 Then let my thought contemplative explore
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
 The fruitless toils that still our search elude
 As thro' the wilderness of life we rove.

Thomas Wharton.

D E E D or A C T I O N.

Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
 With those that are not, never change thy mind:
 If ought obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
 But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill,
 To the same end men several paths may tread,
 As many doors into one temple lead;
 And the same hand into a fist may close,
 Which instantly a palm expanded shews.

Denham.

Actions rare and sudden do commonly
 Proceed from fierce necessity; or else
 From some oblique design which is assum'd
 To shew itself in the publick road.

Davenant's Cruel Brother.

D E E R.

See where the deer trot after one another,
 Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,
 Brother and sister, mingled altogether;
 No discontent they know, but in delightful
 Wildness and freedom, lusty health and innocence,
 Enjoy their portion; if they see a man,
 How will they turn together all, and gaze
 Upon the monster. *Otway's Orphan.*

D E F E A T.

They are defeated, look Flaminius,
 Back from the vale in wild tumultuous flight
 Behold their numbers sweeping tow'rd the hill,
 Already some are swarming up its side
 To reach their camp for shelter. Pale Dismay,
 With hostile Rage pursues their broken rear,
 While Massacre, unhidden, cloy's his Famine,
 And quaffs the blood of nations.

Glover's Boadicea.

D E F O R M I T Y.

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em.
 Why I, in this weak, this piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away my hours,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity:
 Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, and to o'erbear such
 As are of happier person than myself:

Why

Why then to me this restless world's but hell.
 'Till this mishapen trunk's aspiring head
 Be circl'd in a glorious diadem——
 But then 'tis fix'd on such a height ; oh ! I
 Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.

Gibber's Richard III.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wert
 born,

Which plainly said, Thou cam'st to bite mankind.

Gibber's Richard III.

Indeed, 'tis true, what Henry told me of ;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 I came into the world with my legs forward ;
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
 Good heav'n bless us, he is born with teeth !
 And so I was, which plainly signified
 That I should snarl and bite, and play the dog.
 Then since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it ;
 I have no brother, am like no brother,
 And this word Love, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men, like one another ;
 And not in me——I am——myself alone.

Gibber's Richard III.

'Twas her excuse to avoid me.----Alas !
 She keeps no bed——
 She has health enough to progress as far as Chertsey,
 Tho' not to bear the sight of me.
 I cannot blame her——
 Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb,
 And for I should not deal in his soft laws,
 He did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe,
 To shrink my arm up like a wither'd shrub,
 To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits Deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size,
 To disproportion me in ev'ry part.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 O monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.
Cibber's Richard III.

---Thou art a thief so loathsome,
 Nature has shut thee quite from that thou art:
 Made thee like the bird of night, to be pursu'd,
 Abhorr'd, and loath'd by all thy fellow-creatures.
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

Part of a Scene in Dryden's OEdipus.

CREON and EURYDICE.

Eur. Think what you are.

Cre. A man.

Eur. A man!

Cre. Why doubt you? I am a man.

Eur. 'Tis well you tell me so; I should mistake you

For any other part of the whole creation,
 Rather than think you man.

Cre. A prince who loves you:
 And since your pride provokes me, worth your love,
 Ev'n at its highest value.

Eur. Love from thee!
 Why love renounc'd thee ere thou saw'st the light,
 Nature herself started when thou wert born,
 And cry'd, the work's not mine:
 The midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
 Thy mountain-back, and thy distorted legs,
 Thy face itself,
 Half minted with the royal stamp of man,
 And half o'ercome with beast, stood doubting long,
 Whose right in thee were more:
 And knew not, if to burn thee in the flames
 Were not the holier work.

Cre.

Gre. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my body
 In so perverse a mould? yet when she cast
 Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
 Unable to resist, and rumpled them
 On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge
 Her bungled work, she stamp'd my mind more fair;
 And as from chaos huddled and deform'd
 The God strook fire, and lighted up the lamps
 That beautify the sky, so he inform'd
 This ill shap'd body with a daring soul:
 And making less than man, he made me more.

Eur. Thou art all one error, soul and body,
 The first young trial of some unskill'd power,
 Rude in the making art; an ape of Jove;
 Thy crooked mind within hunch'd out thy back,
 And wander'd in thy limbs.

Seek not from our sex to raise an offspring,
 Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the
 Gods

To cut off human kind.

DELUGE.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
 When the deep cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
 'Till from the center to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

Thomson's Seasons.

DESARTS.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
 Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
 And shift their little home's uncertain scene

With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
 As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
 May there be heard, nor sweeter liquid lapse
 Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
 In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
 Daily they journey to the distant clefts
 Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
 Th' ancient walls, deep sunk by toil immense,
 Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
 Themselves and their posterity to serve.
 There, at the publick hour of sultry noon,
 They share the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,
 And grateful umbrage all the tribes around,
 And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
 Th' echoing caverns; then is absent none,
 Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
 To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats,
 In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
 Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
 From the deep dark mouth'd well his strength re-
 mov'd,
 And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.

Dyer's Fleece.

So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
 Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
 Wheel thro' the air, in circling eddies play,
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away;
 The helpless traveller with wild surprize,
 Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
 And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

Addison's Cato.

O send me to some lonely desert wild,
 Wide as yon bright etherial high expanse;
 There let me wander friendless and forlorn,
 To find the charitable herd of beasts,
 Driv'n from the faithless commerce of mankind.

Harvard's Scanderbeg.

Next

—Next night—a dreary night!

Cast on the wildest of the Cyclades isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me—

—Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart than ere I felt
Before: when Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes; till by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects, objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks, and woods, in savage view, behind.

Thompson's Agamemnon.

DESPAIR.

There is nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Shakespeare's King John.

As when upon the sands the traveller
Sees the high sea come rolling from afar,
The land grows short, he mends his weary pace,
While death behind him covers all the place;
So I by swift misfortunes am pursu'd,
Which on each other are like waves renew'd.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

What miracle
Can work me into hope: heav'n here's bankrupt,
The wond'ring gods blush at the want of pow'r,
And quite abash'd confess they cannot help me.

Lee's Mithridates.

He makes his heart a prey to black despair;
 He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
 Of any thing but thought: or if he talks,
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving;
 Then he defies the world, and bids it pass:
 Sometimes he gnaws his lips, then draws his mouth
 Into a scornful smile, *Dryden's All for Love.*

I fancy
 I'm turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
 Living in a shady forest's silvan scene,
 Stretch'd at my length, beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my hand upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece as I grew from it.
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary face: the herd come jump-
 ing by me.
 And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
 And take me for their fellow citizen.

Dryden's All for Love.

Why then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner
 Hast thou been talking with that witch the night?
 On what cold stone hast thou been stretch'd along?
 Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head
 To mix with theirs, the accent of thy woes.

Osway's Orphan.

—Let us embrace, and from this very moment
 Vow an eternal misery together.
 —And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
 Never grow fond of cheerful peace again?
 Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
 And find out ways how to encrease affliction?
 —We'll institute new arts unknown before,
 To vary plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.
 —Then let's together
 Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam;

Like the first wretched pair, expell'd their paradise,
 Let's find some place where adders nest in winter,
 Loathsome and venomous ! where poisons hang,
 Like gum, against the walls: where witches meet
 By night, and feed upon some pamper'd imp,
 Fat with the blood of babes ; there we inhabit,
 And live up to the height of desperation:
 Desire shall languish like a withering flower ;
 And no distinction of the sex be thought on ;
 Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
 And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms ;
 But when I'm dying, take me in thy arms.

Ottway's Orphan.

'Tis true my hopes are vanishing as clouds,
 Lighter than children's baubles blown by winds,
 My merit but the rash result of chance ;
 My birth unequal ; all the stars against me ;
 Power, promise, choice, the living and the dead ;
 Mankind my foes, and only love to friend me.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

— Whither shall I fly ?
 Where hide me and my mis'ries together ?
 O Belvidera ! I'm the wretchedst creature,
 E'er crawled on earth : now if thou hast virtue,
 Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
 To my divided soul that wars within me,
 And raises every sense to my confusion.
 By heav'n ! I'm tott'ring on the very brink
 Of ruin, and thou art all the hold I've left :
 Do thou at least with charitable goodness,
 Assist me in the pangs of my afflictions.
 Couldst thou but think how I've spent this night,
 Dark and alone, no pillow to my head,
 Restrin my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,
 Thou wouldst not, Belvidera, sure thou wouldst not
 Talk to me thus, but like a pitying angel,

Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,
And hatch warm comforts there, ere sorrow freeze
it.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

I'm here, and thus the shades of night around me,
I look as if all hell were in my heart,
And I in hell : nay surely 'tis so with me ;
For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how desp'rate wretches, like myself,
Have wand' red out at this dead time of night,
To meet the foe of mankind in his walks,
Sure I'm so curst, that, tho' of heav'n forsaken,
No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

O ! let me hunt my travell'd woes again ;
Range the wide waste of desolate despair ;
Start any hope. Alas ! I lose myself,
'Tis pathless, dark, and barren all to me.

Southern's Oroonoko.

This pomp of horror
Is fit to feed the frenzy in my soul :
Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness,
Till the mind burst with thinking.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

My sad soul has
Form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find ;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shades
Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd only dwell ;
No sound to break the silence but a brook,
That bubbling winds among the weeds ; no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch

Who

Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

There is a stupid weight upon my senses,
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, (as sure 'tis wondrous like it,)
For I am sick of living, my soul's pall'd;
She kindles not with anger or revenge:
Love was th' informing active fire within,
Now that's quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave;
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around thro' all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Unhappy man! with storms of passion tost,
When first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow bosom rung,
Then up he started, and with fixt surprise,
Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes,
While thus he cried, 'in her my life was bound,
' Warm in each feature is her mother found:
' Perhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
' And now she floats upon the weeping tide,
' Or on the willow hung with head reclin'd,
' All pale and cold she wavers in the wind;

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' Did I not force her hence by harsh commands?
' Did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?
Teach not, ye fires, your daughters to rebel;
By counsel reign their wills, but ne'er compel.

Gay's Dione.

If thou didst but consent, do but despair:
To this most cruel act, do but despair:
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will strangle thee: a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

Shakespear's King John.

The house I fly impell'd by wild despair,
As if my griefs can only find me there.
Lost to the world, through lonely fields I rove;
Vain wish to fly from destiny and love!
By wayward frenzy's restless impulse led,
Thro' devious wilds, with heedless course, I tread
The cave remote, the dusky wood explore,
Where human step was ne'er impress'd before;
And, with the native accents of despair,
Fatigue the conscious rocks, and desert air.
Kind Echo, faithful to my plaints alone,
Sighs all my sighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.
The streams, familiar to the voice of woe,
Each mournful sound remurmur as they flow.

Oft on some rock distracted I complain,
Which hangs projected o'er the ruffled main:
Oft view the azure surges as they roll,
And to deaf storms effuse my frantic soul.

Blacklock's Poems.

Ah! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitless strain;
Thy hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain.

Say,

Say, can thy song appease the stormy deep,
Or lull th' impetuous hurricane asleep?
Thy numbers then her stedfast soul may move,
And change the purpose of determin'd love.

Die, Colin, die, nor groan with life oppress,
Another image triumphs in her breast!
Another soon shall call thy fair his own,
And heav'n and fate seem pleas'd their vows to
crown. *Blacklock's Poems.*

Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground;
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the mournful image of despair. *Garth's Dispensary.*

Now cold despair
To livid paleness turns the glowing red;
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair;
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears.
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink;
He withers at the heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man;
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves.
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone;
Nor mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoond;
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound.

Uncomb'd

Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
 Unlike the trim of love or gay desire:
 But full of museful mopings, which presage
 The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

My life's a load, encumber'd with the charge,
 I long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.

For I, the most forlorn of human kind,
 Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
 But doom'd to drag my loathful life in care,
 For my reward must end it in despair.
 Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates,
 That governs all, and heav'n that all creates;
 Nor art, nor nature's hand, can ease my grief:
 Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief.
 Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
 With youth and life; and life itself farewell.

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

From mountains high,
 Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
 Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
 And dash out life against the flints below?
 Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
 Where my last breath may bubble in the tide?
 No; life shall never flatter me again,
 Nor shall to-morrow bring new sighs and pain.

Gay's Dione.

DESPONDENCE.

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown
 In some retreat far from this hateful town!
 Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
 Let happier nymphs those empty shews pursue.
 Me let some melancholy shade surround,
 Where not the print of human step is found;

In

In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
But bear me faintly thro' the lonely grove ;
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound.
Music, adieu ! farewell Italian airs !
The croaking raven now shall soothe my cares.
On some old ruin lost in thought I rest,
And think how Araminta once was blest ;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
And all my griefs in one kind sentence lose ;
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
Why is this dawn of joy ? flow tears again,
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain ;
Daphnis, alas ! the Gordian knot has ty'd,
Nor force, nor cunning, can the band divide.

Gay's Miscellanies.

— That some weighty grief
O'erhangs thy soul, thy ev'ry look proclaims.
Why then refuse it words ? the heart that bleeds
From any stroke of fate or human wrongs
Loves to disclose itself, that list'ning pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.

'Tis only, when with inbred horror smote
At some base act, or done, or to be done,
That the reviling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself.

Mason's Caractacus.

Edg. — Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir, a man may rot ev'n here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts again ? men must
endure

Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither :
Ripeness is all : come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Shakespear's King Lear.

DETRACTION.

DETRACTION.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands;

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shakeſp. Othello.*

Happy are they that hear their detractions,
And can put them to mending.

Shakeſpear's Much ado about Nothing.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a ſatyric ſpirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a ſtate;
But the ſiniſter application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and baſe
Interpreter; who will diſtort, and ſtrain
The general ſcope and purpoſe of an author,
To his particular and private ſpleen.

Johnſon's Poetaſter.

They talk, as they are wont, not as I merit:
Traduce by cuſtom, as moſt dogs do bark;
Do nothing out of judgment, but diſeaſe;
Speak ill, becauſe they never could ſpeak well:
And who'd be angry with this race of creatures?
What wiſe phyſician have we ever ſeen,
Mov'd with a frantic man? the ſame affects
That he doth bear to his ſick patient,
Should a right mind carry to ſuch as theſe!
And I do count it a moſt rare revenge,
That I can do thus— with ſuch a ſweet neglect,
Pluck from them all the pleaſure of their malice,

For

For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts,
To wound my patience, how foe'er they seem
To aim at other objects : which if miss'd,
Their envy's like an arrow, shot upright,
That, in the fall, endangers their own heads.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

1. It is a kind of slander, to trust rumour.

2. I know it : and I could be angry with it.

1. So may not I. Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Johnson's Cataline.

For such obloquies

If they despised be, they die suppress ;

But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they're confess.

Johnson's Sejanus.

*Part of a celebrated Scene in the second Act of the
Fair Penitent.*

HORATIO and LOTHARIO.

Loth. Since thou dost provoke my vengeance,
know,

I would not for the city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature :
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be con-
ceal'd ?

Oh no ! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doting husband, now I've found him,
And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break thro' law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this ;

Yet

Yet mark me well, young lord, I think Calista
 Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
 To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
 'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
 To forge a scrawl, so villainous and loose,
 And mark it with a noble lady's name :

These are the mean, dishonest arts of cowards,
 Strangers to manhood, and to glorious danger ;
 Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
 Ranack for mistresses th' unwholsome stews,
 And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter ? think
 so still,

'Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
 And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away, no woman could descend so low :
 A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are ;
 Fit only for yourselves, you herd together ;
 And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
 You talk of beauties whom you never saw,
 And fancy raptures that you never knew.
 Legends of saints, who never yet had being,
 Or being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
 As the fond tales which you recount of love.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
 I could produce such damning proof——

Hor. 'Tis false :

You blast the fair with lies because they scorn you,
 Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence :
 Rather than make you blest they would die virgins,
 And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. By all the joys
 Which yet my soul has uncontroul'd pursu'd,
 I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
 Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my way,
 But like the birds, great Nature's happy com-
 moners,

That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
 Rise

Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee shun my walks:
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong them much, ev'n
death,

Or something worse; an injur'd husband's vengeance

Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Are then the joys of this blest'd meeting dash'd
So soon? so soon will fortune snatch thee from me,
And mock my vain embraces. Thus like one
Who in a dream with mighty toil and labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary form,
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely object,
It slides away, and vanishes to air:

So I, who thro' opposing difficulties
Have cut my tedious way to thy lov'd arms,
At length am disappointed, and but see thee
To take my last farewell. O slipp'ry state
Of human pleasures, fleet and volatile,
Given us, and snatch'd again in one short moment,
To mortify our hopes, and edge our suff'rings.

Trapp's Abramule.

DISCONTENT.

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.

The

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The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
With equal pains each different crime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

Lord Littleton.

DISCORD.

Discord, dire sister of the slaught'ring power !
Small of her birth, but rising ev'ry hour :
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around.
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Discord doth ever haunt, with hideous mien,
Those dire abodes where Hymen once has been.

Garth's Dispensary.

DISDAIN.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eye,
Despising what they look on.

Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

Disdain has swell'd him up, and chok'd his breath,
Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to death :
No signs of pity in his face appear :
Cramm'd with his pride, he leaves no room within,
For sighs to issue out, or love to enter in.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

DISEASE.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.

Shakespeare's King John.

And where the greater malady is fixt,
 The lesser is scarce felt : when the mind's free,
 The body's delicate. The tempest in my mind
 Does from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there. *Shakspeare's King Lear.*

Disease, thou ever most propitious power,
 Whose kind indulgences we taste each hour ;
 Thou well canst boast thy num'rous pedigree,
 Begot by sloth, maintain'd by luxury.
 In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
 But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
 To you such might and energy belong,
 You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
 The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
 And are to us physicians only kind.
 And in return all diligence we pay,
 To fix your empire and confirm your sway.
Garth's Dispensary.

Nigh the recess of chaos and dull day,
 Where death maintains his dread tyrannic sway,
 In the close covers of a cypress grove,
 Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove ;
 Yawns a dark cave most formidably wide,
 And there the monarch's triumphs are descry'd.
 Confus'd and wildly huddled to the eye,
 The beggar's pouch and princely purple lie.
 Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow,
 Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow.
 Old mould'ring urns, pale fear and dark distress,
 Make up the frightful horror of the place.
 Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.
 Febris is first, the hag relentless hears
 The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
 In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign,
 And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then

Then Hydrops next appears among the throng,
 Bloated and big, she slowly sails along;
 But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
 And pines or thirsts amidst her wat'ry store.
 Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
 With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight:
 She's deaf to beauty's soft persuasive pow'r,
 Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.
 Whilst meagre Phthisis gives a silent blow,
 Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow:
 No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults are shown;
 She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
 Behind stood crowds of more inferior fame,
 Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
 The vessels of their monarch's tyranny,
 Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

Garth's Dispensary.

DISSIMULATION.

1. He was a man that would keep church duly,
 Early before his servants, and ev'n for
 Religious haste, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd;
 ——— To morning prayer;
 Dine quickly upon high days, and when I
 Had great guests, would e'n shame me, and rise from
 The table, to get a good feat at an
 Afternoon sermon——

Shakespear's Puritan.

Why I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, content to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;

Deceive

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could ;
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
 I can add colours ev'n to the cameleon ;
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages ;
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
 Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

Shakespeare's Third Part of K. Henry VI.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue ; look like th' innocent
 flow'r,

And be the serpent under't. *Shakesp. Macbeth.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
 Was ever woman in this humour won ?
 I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
 What ! I that kill'd her husband and her father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
 Having heav'n, her conscience, and these bars
 against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,
 But the plain devil, and dissembling looks !
 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing !
 Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,
 On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus !
 My dukedom to a widow's chastity,
 I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, altho' I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll have my chamber lin'd with looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of taylors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost ;
 But first ? I'll turn St. Harry to his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.

Cibber's Richard III.

Thou shalt not break yet, heart, nor shall she know
 My inward torment by my outward show,
 To let her see my weakness were too base,
 Dissembl'd quiet fit upon my face ;
 My sorrow to my eyes no passage find,
 But let it inward sink, and drown my mind ;
 Falshood shall want its triumph : I begin
 To stagger, but I'll prop myself within ;
 The spacious tow'r no ruin shall disclose,
 'Till down at once the mighty fabric goes.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

In vain you sooth me with your soft endearments,
 And set the fairest countenance to view ;
 Your gloomy eyes betray a deadness,
 And inward languishment : that oracle
 Eats like a subtle worm its venom'd way,
 Preys on your heart, and rots the noble core,
 Howe'er the beauteous outside shews so lovely.

Lee's Oedipus.

I cannot love ; to counterfeit is base
 And cruel too ; dissembl'd love is like
 The poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Now we must shew a masterpiece indeed,
 To meet the man whom we wou'd make an end of,
 Ev'n at that time when mortal war's within,
 When the blood boils and flashes to be at him ;
 Yet then to shew the signs of heartiest love,
 To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to fear.

Lee's Massacre of Paris.

Curse on him
 First flatter'd with his tongue ; on her that first

Dissembl'd in her silence:
 What mis'ries have they entail'd on life,
 To bring in fraud and diffidence in love!
 Simplicity's the dress of honest passion;
 Then why our arts, why to a man enamour'd,
 That at our feet effuses all his soul,
 Must woman cold appear, false to herself and him.
Steele's Lying Lovers.

Thy very looks are lies, eternal falshood
 Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thy eyes.
Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

Look fresh and merrily,
 Let not our looks put on our purposes,
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and a formal constancy.
Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

We'll mock the time with fairest show;
 Fair face must hide what the false heart does know.
Shakespear's Macbeth.

Obeys me, features, for one supple moment:
 You shall not long be tortured. Here, in courts,
 We must not wear the soldier's honest face.
Thompson's Agamemnon.

D O G.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
 Arriv'd, at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
 To all his friends, and ev'n his queen, unknown;
 Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
 Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs.
 In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
 The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!

Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
 Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay.
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
 Him, when he saw, he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
 'Twas all he could; and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
 Seiz'd with dumb joy; then, falling by his side,
 Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Pope.

And in a corner of the buzzing shade
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the wasp,
 They starting snap.

Thomson's Seasons.

DOMINION.

God gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation: but man over man
 He made not lord; such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.

Milton.

DOUBT.

And yet
 A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart;
 My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
 Like fowl in air, too damp, and lugs along
 As if she were a body in a body,
 And not a mounting substance made of fire.
 My senses too are dull, and stupify'd,
 Their edge rebated; sure some ill approaches,
 And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
 To tell me Fate's at hand.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

DREAMS.

DREAMS.

As one who in some frightful dream would shun
His pressing foe, labours in vain to run,
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender
groans. *Dryden's Conquest of Granada.*

A dream o'ertook me at my waking hour
This morn; and dreams, they say, are then divine
When all the balmy vapours are exhal'd,
And some o'erpow'ring God continues sleep.
Dryden's Don Sebastian.

I am like one,
Who in a dream with mighty toil and labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary form,
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely object,
It slides away and vanishes to air.
Trapp's Abramule.

Let fools and cowards start at fancy's visions;
Thy well-taught spirit knows these dreams are bred
From fumes and indigestions that oppress
The mind, which thus o'erloaded, still throws off
These crudities, these ordures of the soul:
As such despise them. *Madden's Themistocles.*

The fiend they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams:
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raise
At last distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,

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Blow up with high conceit ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; (for no falshood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness) up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

—Know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve;
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds: of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, where nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Milton's Par. Lost.

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron war:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets;
Of basilisks, cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirits within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. *Shakesp. Henry IV.*
Brak.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord : I pray
you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tow'r,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along,
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that thought to save him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !

What sights of ugly deaths within mine eyes !

I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon :

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels ;

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost : but still th' envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To find the empty vast, and wand'ring air,

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sad agony ?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O then began the tempest to my soul !

I pass methought the melancholy flood
 With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud, what scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,
 Dabb'd in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
 Clarence is come, false, fleeing, perjur'd Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments.
 With that methought a legion of foul fiends
 Inviron'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell:
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brake. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, Brakenbury! I have done those things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me;
 O God! if my deep pray'rs can't appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
 O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

Shakespeare's Richard III.

Mer. O then I see queen Mab hath been with
 you.

She's the fancy's midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with the team of little atomies,
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars of the moon-shine's watry beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Thro' lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curties straight;
 O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er lady's lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tythe pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that Mab——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio,
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more inconstant than the wind.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.
 —— But if on bed
 Delirious slung, sleep from his pillow flies,
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power

In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love : and then perhaps
 Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest :
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene,
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks :
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd ; or if retir'd
 To secret winding flower-envoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge and long, untravell'd heaths
 With desolation brown he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks, aghast,
 Back from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore ; where succourless, and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores ;
 But strives in vain : born by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. *Thomson's Seasons.*

All dreams

Are from repletion and complexion bred,
 And rising fumes of indigested food,
 And noxious humours that infect the blood.
 When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
 Of flames, and all the family of red :
 Red dragons and red beasts in sleep we view,
 For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
 From thence we dream of war and warlike things,
 And wasps and hornets with their double wings ;
 Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
 Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.

In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound;
With rheums oppress'd, we sink in rivers drown'd.
Thus each presides, as each becomes supreme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.

Dryden's Cock and Fox.

O curs'd, dear horrors of all conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze on all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

Eloisa to Abelard.

DRUNKENNESS.

1. Oh, that men should put an enemy into
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts.

2. Why, but you are now well enough: how
came
You thus recover'd?

1. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to
Give place to the devil, wrath; one

Unperfectness shews me another, to
 Make me frankly despise myself.
 I will ask him for my place again; he
 Shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I
 As many mouths as Hydra, such an answer
 Would stop them all. To be now a sensible
 Man, by and by a fool; and presently
 A beast! every inordinate cup
 Is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.
 Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine,
 If thou hast no name to be known by, let
 Us call thee devil! *Shakespeare's Othello.*

What fury of late is crept into our feasts?
 What honour giv'n to the drunk'nest guests?
 What reputation to bear one glass more?
 When off the bearer is borne out of door?
Johnson.

Drunkenness! that's a most gentleman-like
 Sin; it scorns to be beholden! for what it
 Receives in a man's house, it commonly
 Leaves again at his door. *Capit's Whirligig.*

Drunkenness! oh, 'tis a most fluent and
 Swelling virtue, sure the most just of all
 Virtues, 'tis justice itself; for if it
 Chance t' oppress and take too much, it presently
 Restores it again. It makes the king and
 The peasant equal; for if they are both
 Drunk alike, they are both beasts alike:
 As for that most precious light of heav'n,
 Truth, if time be the father of her,
 I am sure drunkenness is oftentimes
 The mother of her, and brings her forth;
 Drunkenness brings all out; for it brings all
 The drink out of the pot, all the wit out
 Of the pate, and all the money out of the purse,
Marston's Pawn.
 I drank

I drank, I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noise;
 An airy scene of transitory joys.
 In vain I trusted, that the flowing bowl
 Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
 To the late revel, and distracted feast,
 Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;
 And as at dawn of morn fair Reason's light
 Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
 What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done;
 How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source
 : begun?

Perhaps the jest, that charm'd the sprightly crowd
 And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
 To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
 To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
 To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
 Offence and torture to the sober ear.
 Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
 From this man's error, from another's fault;
 From topics which good nature would forget,
 And prudence mention with the last regret.

And yet unnumber'd ills that lie unseen
 In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
 Or harsh, which once elanc'd, must ever fly
 Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
 Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate:
 What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
 Of health suppress'd, by wine's continual force.
 Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
 To different ills alternately engage.
 Who drink, alas! but to forget; nor sees
 That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
 Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
 Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught:
 And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
 Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll.

Prior's *Solomon*
 But

But sordid drunkenness makes you differ more
From your lov'd self, than from another man.

You think yourselves the finest gentlemen,
When you are most to be despis'd and pity'd;
Not monkies can be more ridiculous,
Besides the infamy you must contract
In the opinion of the good and wise.
As soon I'd choose a madman for a friend:
You vomit secrets when o'ercharg'd with wine;
You often quarrel with the best of friends:
And she must be as bold as is a lioness
Who takes you for a husband. Drink in short
Provokes you to all folly, to all vice.

By drunkenness you are useless at the best,
Unless as flies or humble-bees, meer drones.
What office is there in a commonwealth
A drunkard can sustain? unless it be one
To be a strainer through which claret runs.
Your nerves you weaken, and you drown your
minds *Shadwell's Scowerer.*

D U L L N E S S.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fates in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Pope's Dunciad.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion, Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:

Calm

Calm Temperance, whose blessings this partake,
 Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
 Poetic Justice, with her list'd scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.

Pope's Dunciad.

DUNGEON.

Then to a dungeon's depth I sent both bound,
 Where stow'd with snakes and adders now they
 lodge;
 Two planks their bed, slipp'ry with ooze and lime,
 The rats brush o'er their faces with their tails,
 And croaking paddocks crawl upon their limbs.

Dryden's King Arthur.

Haste to the dungeon, plunge them down
 Far from the hopes of day, then let them lie
 Banish'd this world while yet alive, and groan
 In darkness and in horror, let double chains
 Consume the flesh of Memnon's loaded limbs
 Till death shall knock them off.

Young's Busiris.

I am rival'd by his chains, they clasp
 The hero round (a cold unkind embrace)
 And but an earnest of far worse to come.
 While he my soul in dungeon-darkness clos'd,
 Breathes damp unwholsome streams, and lives on
 poison.

Young's Busiris.

Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
 Thou home of horror! hideous nest of crimes!
 Guilt's first sad stage to her dark road to hell;
 Ye thick-barr'd sunless passages for air,
 To keep alive the wretch that longs to die!
 Ye low-brow'd arches, thro' whose sullen gloom
 Resound the ceaseless groans of pale despair!

Ye

Ye dreadful shambles, cak'd with human blood!
 Rective a guest, from far, far other scenes.

Young's Brothers.

There to lie.

Where never sun-beam pierc'd the solid gloom,
 Where rattling chains, and doors that grind the
 hinge,

To let in new distress, make hideous concert.

Francis's Constantine.

D U T Y.

The voice of parents is the voice of gods
 For to their children they are heav'n's lieutenants:
 Made fathers not for common uses meely

Of procreation: (beasts and birds wou'd be
 As noble then as we are,) but to steer

The wanton freight of youth thro' storms and
 dangers,

Which with full sails they bear upon: and
 streighten

The mortal line of life, they bend so often.

For these are we made fathers: and for these

May challenge duty on our children's part.

Obedience is the sacrifice of angels,

Whose form you carry.

Shakespear's Double Falshood.

Where I have come great clerks have purpos'd

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of fancy and audacious eloquence.

Shakespeare's Night Dreams.

D Y I N G.

When Blouzelind' expir'd, the weather's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage fate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted 'tendance bred
Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd
Which erst I saw when goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I void of tears, her death relate,
When on her dearling's bed her mother fate!

These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And, of the dead let none the will revoke.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,
Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn
Amidst the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, besure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet e're I die—See, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly, I've hid my worldly pelf,
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—my spinning wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:
My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green
Let Peggy wear for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd
Be Grubbinols—this silver ring besides,
Three silver pennies, and a ninepence bent
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent.

Thus

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Thus spoke the maiden while the mother cry'd
And peaceful, like th' harmless lambs, she dy'd.
Gay's Pastoral Dirge.

When low beneath the sable mold I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast?
Why are those heavy groans? (ah: cease to weep!)

May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;
Let this sad tale no speaking stone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
Let o'er my grave the levelling plough-share pass,
Mark not the spot, forget that e'er I was.
Then may'st thou with Parthenia's love be blest,
And not one thought on me thy joys molest!
My swimming eyes are overpower'd with light,
And darkning shadows fleet before my sight.
May'st thou be happy!

Gay's Dione.

E.

E A G L E.

The Eagle,

That bears the thunder of our grandfire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air, till bolder grown
Now like a whirlwind on the shepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,
Wreathing his spiry tail.

Rowe's Ulysses.

The

The eagle thus prepar'd to mount the sky,
 To the sun's orb undazzl'd turns his eye,
 And spurns the ground, with awful dignity;
 Exulting in his pride he's pleas'd to view
 The feather'd tribe, admiring where he flew.
 With failing strength they tempt the wond'rous
 height,

But faint beneath the radiant load of light;
 While he alone enjoys the sovereign sway,
 Alone supports the sun's encreasing ray,
 And joyous revels in the blaze of day.

Martyn's Timoleon.

Oft when some serpent his dread length extends,
 Safe in th' brake, and his scal'd curls unbends;
 Jove's watchful bird down from his height of skies
 Impetuous stoops, then gripes secure the prize:
 Vain is resistance now, nor naught avail,
 The crest erect'd high, and wreathing tail;
 His strong ribb'd sides th' victor eagle gores,
 And tears him struggling as aloft he soars.

Frowde's Philotas.

E A S E.

Ease delight of human kind,
 Soft enchantress of the mind;
 Ease thou happy gift of heav'n
 By the Gods to mortals giv'n;
 Thou to fair virtue near ally'd,
 Ar't ever by her sacred side,
 Whether she chuse the rugged way,
 Or thro' the moss-grown valley stray;
 You, sooth'd, with raptur'd fancy, walk along,
 And lend attentive ear to her celestial song.

Ease the lyric bard inspires,
 Warms his breast with heav'nly fires;
 Bids him swell a fuller key,
 Or a softer sound convey.

Tis

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'Tis ease alone gives peaceful rest,
To the pure-virtue breathing breast.
'Tis ease that calms the ruffled soul,
'Tis ease can passion's force controul.
Virtue and ease for ever social join,
Both of congenial form, and both of birth divine.

Bushe's Socrates.

ECHO.

Hark ! how the gentle echo from her cell,
Talks thro' the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the
stream,
Repeats the accents, we shall part no more.

Akenside's Pleasure of the Imagination.

Sweet echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen

Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet embroider'd vale,

Where the love lorn nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,

Can't thou not tell me of a gentle pair,

That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O ! if thou have

Hid them in some flow'ry cave,

Tell me but where.

Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,

So may'st thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all heaven's har-
monies.

Milton's Comus.

ECLIPSE.

—— The silver moon is now all over blood,

A settling crimson stains her beauteous face ;

A vast eclipse darkens the lab'ring planet.

Sound there, sound all our instruments of war,

Clarions

Clarions and trumpets, silver, brass, and iron,
And beat a thousand drums to help her labour.

Dryden and Lee's OEdipus.

—— Shorn of his beams, the sun
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

Milton's Par. Lost.

ELEGY.

Meek elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice,
The praise of beauty, valour, wit, contains,
And there too, oft despairing love complains.
Their greatest fault who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, but want of wit:
But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd,
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought, and the whole model laid
So right, that ev'ry step may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;
Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No panegyric, nor a Cooper's hill.

Sheff. D. of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry.

ELEPHANT.

Amid the central depth of black'ning woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise, with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not destructive! here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,

And

And empires rise and fall ; regardless he
 Of what the never resting race of men
 Project, thrice happy, could he 'scape their guile
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps :
 Or with his tow'ry grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ; or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Thomson's Seasons.

ELOQUENCE.

Whene'er he speaks, heav'n, how the list'ning
 throng

Dwell on the melting music of his tongue !
 His arguments are th' emblems of his mien,
 Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' serene :
 And when the pow'r of eloquence he'd try,
 Here lightning strikes you, there soft breezes sigh.

Garth's Dispensary.

Fine speeches are th' instruments of fools
 Or knaves, who use them when they want good
 sense ;

But honesty needs no disguise or ornament,

Otway's Orphan.

When he spoke, what tender words he us'd !
 So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
 They melted as they fell.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

I'll try

To change the soldier's to the lovers stile,
 Use all the strongest eloquence that art,
 Or the sharp anguish of my soul can frame,
 To plead my passion, and promote my love.

Beckingham's Scipio.

Now

Now with fine phrase, and foppery of tongue,
More graceful action, and a smooother tone,
That orator of fable, and fair face,
Will steal on your brib'd hearts. *Young's Brothers.*

Could words, O Regulus, express the joy,
The fulness of our joy at thy return,
This welcome office had not then been mine.
Then ev'ry grace that marks th' orator,
The force of rhetoric, and flow'rs of speech
That Athens practis'd, or Minerva taught,
Had all been summon'd to perform the task,
And all been baffled in the weak attempt.

Harvard's Regulus.

ELYSIUM.

Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
And with refreshing sweets perfume the way.
Cold streams thro' flow'ry meadows gently glide,
And as they pass their painted brooks they chide.
These blissful plains no blight nor mildews fear,
The flow'rs ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles
here.

Garth's Dispensary.

EMBRACE.

Ant. I thought how those white arms would fold
me in,

And strain me close, and melt me into love:
So pleas'd with that sweet image, I sprung fowards,
And added all my strength to ev'ry blow.

Cleop. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms,
You've been too long away from my embraces;
But when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and tumultuous sighs,
I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.
Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets like Vulcan,

In

In thy embraces I would be beheld
 By heaven and earth at once,
 And make their envy what they meant their sport:
 Let those who took us blush, I would love on
 With awful state, regardless of their frown,
 As their superior god.

Dryden's All for Love.

Oh my Jocasta! 'tis for this the wet
 Starv'd soldier lies all night on the cold ground;
 For this he bears the storms
 Of winter camps, and freezes in his arms,
 To be thus circl'd, to be thus embrac'd;
 That I could hold thee ever! hold thee thus,
 Thus to my bosom: ages let me grasp thee,
 Life of my life! and treasure of my soul!
 Tho' round my bed the Furies plant their charms,
 I'll break them with Jocasta in my arms:
 Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'll wait my doom,
 And act my joys, tho' thunder shake the room.

Lee's OEdipus.

I swear I press thee with as hearty joy
 As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man,
 When from a dream of death she wak'd and found
 Her lover safe, and sleeping by her side.

Lee's Theodosius.

Oh! I will hold thee with these longing arms;
 Hold thee till morn, and from that morn till
 ev'ning;
 From ev'ning to mid-day, from day to night,
 From night to death, I'll clasp thee thus for ever.

Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

Eternal comfort's center'd in thy arms:
 To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
 Than downy pillows, deck'd with leaves of roses.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Thus

Thus, my Chryseis, thus
Embrace me close, and join thy lips to mine.
There's no security in other joys :
Here happiness is rivetted alone ;
Here nothing fades, nothing decays ; the sweets
Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

EMPEROR and EMPIRE.

Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With scepter'd slaves, who waited to salute me ?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun
To worship my uprising : menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace yards,
Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And at my least command all started out,
Like racers for the goal.

Dryden's All for Love.

Emperor, why that's the style of victory :
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unselt wounds,
Salutes his gen'ral thus : but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears. I have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease ;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sat still, and saw it press'd by other hands.

Dryden's All for Love.

Oh ! that I had been born some happy swain,
And never known a life so great ; so vain !
Where I th' extremes might not be forc'd to chuse,
And bless'd with some mean wife, no crown
cou'd lose ;

Where the dear partner of my little state,
With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
Blessing my labours, might my coming wait ;
Where in our humble bed all safe might lie,
And not in cursed courts for glory die.

Lee's Theodosius.

Reign, reign, you monarchs that divide the world:
 Busy ambition ne'er will let you know
 Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
 Like gaudy ships th' obsequious billows fall,
 And rise again to lift you in your pride:
 They wait but for a storm, and then devour you.
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Have we not seen him shake his silver reins,
 O'er harness'd monarchs to his chariot yok'd;
 In fullen majesty they stalk'd along,
 With eyes of indignation and despair,
 While he aloft display'd his impious state,
 With half their rifled kingdoms o'er his brow,
 Blazing to heaven in diamond and in gold.
Young's Busiris.

If thou think'st
 That crowns are vilely property'd like coin,
 To be the means, the specialty of lust
 And sensual attribution—if thou think'st
 That empire of titled birth or blood,
 That nature in th' proud behalf of one,
 Shall disfranchise all her lordly race,
 And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
 Of private domination—then, thou proud one,
 Here know me for thy king.

Brook's Gustavus Vasa.

Extended empire, like expanded gold,
 Exchanges solid strength, for feeble splendor.

Johnson's Irene.

Right to rule men is now no longer held
 By dull descent, like land's low heritage.

Hill's Merope.

'Tis empire! empire! empire! let that word
 Make sacred all I do, or can attempt:

Had

Had I been born a slave I should affect it:
 My nature's fiery and of course aspires.
 Who gives an empire, by the gift defeats
 All end of giving; and procures contempt
 Instead of gratitude; an empire lost,
 Destroy'd, would less confound me, than resign'd.
Young's Brothers.

ENCHANTMENT.

He ripe and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd;
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Off'ring to ev'ry weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a chrystal glass,
 To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as
 they taste,
 (For most do taste thro' fond intemp'rate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human coun-
 tenance,
 Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 Or ounce, or tyger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were.
 Yet when he walks his tempting rounds, the sor-
 cerer
 By magic power their human face restores,
 And outward beauty to delude the sight.

— They so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive this foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

Milton's Comus.

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Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witch'ries ;
 And here to ev'ry thirsty wand'rer,
 By sly enticements gives his baneful cups,
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks ;
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Character'd in the face.

Milton's Comus.

ENGLAND.

O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What might'st thou do, that honour would
 thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural ?

Shakespear's Henry V.

England, that silver shore, white-fac'd and pale,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders :
 High tow'ring England, by the main hedg'd in,
 A water-wall'd bulwark, still secure,
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Still reigns the utmost corner of the west.

Shakespear's King John.

England never did, nor never shall
 Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.

Shakespear's King John.

ENGLISH.

To Englishmen their own beginning show,
 And ask them why they slight their neighbours so.
 The

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came,
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and by compu-
tation,

Auxiliaries or slaves of ev'ry nation.

With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Swene came
In search of plunder, not in search of fame,
Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' Hibernian shore:
And conq'ring William brought the Normans o'er.
From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain ill natur'd thing, an Englishman.

Wise providence to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding care.

The seven first years of James's peaceful reign,
Made him and half his nation, Englishmen.

Scots from the northern frozen banks of Tay,
With packs and plods came whigging all away:
Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarm'd,
With pride and hungry hopes compleatly arm'd:
With native truth, diseases, and no money,
Plunder'd our Canaan of the milk and honey.

Here they grew quickly lords and gentlemen,
And all their race are true-born Englishmen.

Then great Nassau his purpose to advance,
Invites the banish'd protestants of France;
Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,
Some for religion come, and some for bread,
Two hundred thousand pair of wooden shoes,
Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose:
To heav'ns great praise did for religion fly,
To make us starve our poor in charity.

Thus from a mixture of all kinds began,
That het'rogeneous thing an Englishman.

The silent nations undistinguish'd fall,
And Englishman's the common name for all:
Fate jumbld them together, God knows how;
What e'er they were, they're true-born English
now.

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Drunk'ness has been the darling of the realm,
 E'er since a drunken pilot had the helm.
 In their religion they are so uneven,
 That each man goes his own by-way to heav'n;
 Tenacious of mistakes to that degree,
 That ev'ry man pursues it separately,
 And fancies none can find the way but he:
 So shy of one another they are grown,
 As if they strove to get to heav'n alone;
 Rigid and zealous, positive and grave,
 And ev'ry grace but charity they have.
 No panegyrick needs their praise record;
 An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word.
 His long discourses gen'rally appear,
 Prologu'd with his own wond'rous character:
 But first to illustrate his own good name,
 He never fails his neighbour to defame:
 And yet he really designs no wrong,
 His malice goes no farther than his tongue:
 But pleas'd to tattle, he delights to rail,
 To satisfy the letch'ry of a tale.
 His own dear praises close th' ample speech,
 Tells you how wise he is, that is, how rich:
 For wealth is wisdom; he that's rich is wise;
 And all men learned poverty despise.
 Humblest when rich, but peevish when they're
 poor,
 And think what e'er they have, they merit more.
 The meanest English plowman studies law,
 And keeps thereby the magistrates in awe:
 Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
 And sometimes punish their omissions too.

Daniel Defoe.

Time was a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
 Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his wife to church, his son to school:

To

To worship like his father was his care,
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
 To prove that luxury could never hold,
 And place on good security his gold:
 Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch,
 Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich.
 Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays.
 To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song. *Pope.*

ENJOYMENT.

'Tis a bliss above the feigned elysium
 To clasp a dainty wrist; to kiss a lip
 Melts into nectar; to behold an eye
 Shoot am'rous fires, that would warm cold statues
 Into life and motion; play with hair
 Brighter than that was stellified;
 And when the wanton appetite is cloy'd
 With thousand satisfactions of this kind,
 Then follows th' absoluteness
 Of all delight: but were desire restrain'd
 From variation, soon 'twould satiate,
 And glut itself to loathing.

Nabb's Covent Garden.

Yet this was she, ye Gods! the very she
 Who in my arms lay melting all the night,
 Who kissed and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kissed again,
 As if her soul flew upward to her lips
 Too meet mine there, and parted at the passage,
 Who, loth to find the breaking day, look'd out,
 And shrunk into my bosom, there to make
 A little longer darkness.

Shakespeare's Tro. and Cressida.

When I have once enjoyed my sweet Evanthe,
 And blest my youth with her most dear embraces,
 I've done my journey here, my day is out;

All that the world has else is fool'ry,
Labour, and loss of time.

Beaumont's Wife for a Month.

These stifling lips shall smother all her smiles,
And follow her with such pursuit of kisses,
That our souls shall lose themselves in the pleasure.

Lee's Mithridates.

Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon,
And stars alone shone, conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber;
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and Pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and Love alone was waking;
I snatch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
And with prevailing youthful ardor press'd her,
Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness;
Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In extasies too fierce to last for ever:
At length the morn and cold indiff'rence came,
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was pass'd, and sigh alone.
I saw her soon again, alas! too soon;
For, oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with transport;
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment:
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Then haste, my charmer
Let's feast our famish'd souls with am'rous riot,
With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we've lost.

Smith's Phedra and Hippolytus.

ENTHUSIASM.

At Delphos, when the glorious fury
 Kindles the blood of the prophetic maid,
 The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
 Draws every nerve thin as a spider's web,
 And beats the skin out like expanded gold.

Lee's Mithridates.

Something I'd unfold,
 If that the God would wake; for something still
 there lies

In heav'n's dark volume, which I read thro' mists;
 'Tis great! prodigious! 'tis a dreadful birth
 Of wondrous fate! And now, just now disclosing!
 I see how terrible it dawns,
 And my soul sickens at it!
 Now the God shakes me! He comes! He comes!

Dryden's Oedipus.

I feel him now

Like a strong spirit charm'd into a tree,
 That leaps, and moves the wood without a wind;
 The roused God, as all this while he lay
 Intomb'd alive, starts, and dilates himself;
 He struggles, and he tears my aged trunk
 With holy fury; my old arteries burst;
 My shrivell'd skin, like parchment, crackles at the
 hallow'd fire.

I shall be young again! Manto, my daughter
 Thou hast a voice that might have sav'd the bard
 Of Thrace, and forc'd the raged Bacchanals,
 With lifted prongs, to listen to thy airs:
 O charm this God, this fury in my bosom!
 Lull him with tuneful notes, and artful strings,
 With powerful strains! Manto, my lovely child!
 Sooth the unruly godhead to be mild.

Dryden's Oedipus.

ENTRY.

Great Bullingbroke !

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider, seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course ;
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bulling-
broke !

You would have thought the very windows spake :
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Thro' casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls

With painted imag'ry had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee ! Welcome Bullingbroke !

Whilst he from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus, I thank you, countrymen.
And thus, still doing thus, he pass'd along.

But, as in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be tedious :

E'en so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry'd, God save
him ;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,

His face still combating with tears and smiles,

(The badges of his grief and patience,)

That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd

The hearts of men, they must, per force, have
melted,

And barbarism itself have pity'd him.

Shakespeare's Richard II.

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace, in captive bands, his chariot wheels !

Have

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome!
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores.

Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

Your glorious father, my victorious lord,
 Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurels,
 Is entering now, in martial pomp, the palace:
 Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
 Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish
 wealth;

Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
 Succeed; and next a hundred neighing steeds,
 White as the fleecy ram on Alpine hills,
 That bound, and foam, and champ the golden bit,
 As they disdain'd the victory they grace;
 Pris'ners of war in shining fetters follow,
 And captains, of the noblest blood of Africk,
 Sweat by his chariot wheels, and lick, and grind,
 With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise:
 The swarming pop'lace spread on every wall,
 And cling, as if with claws they did enforce,
 Their hold through clefted stones, stretching, and
 staring

As they were all eyes, and ev'ry limb
 Would feed its faculty of admiration.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

ENVY.

Envy at last crawls forth from hell's dire throng,
 Of all, the direfull'st! her black locks hung long,

Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
 Was almost dropp'd from her sharp bones within;
 And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
 Upon her panting heart both night and day,
 Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair,
 Both day and night they left fresh poisons there.
 Her garments were deep stain'd in human gore,
 And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
 A knotted whip and bowl, which to the brim
 Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
 With which when she was drunk, she furious grew,
 And lash'd herself; thus from th' accursed crew,
 Envy the worst of fiends, herself presents,
 Envy, good only, when she herself torments.

Cowley.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an ewe,
 That taints the gra's with sickly sweats of dew;
 No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
 But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite.
 In a dark grot the baneful haggard lay,
 Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day:
 Meagre, deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 And all the misery human nature knows.
 The chearful blood her livid eyes forsook,
 And basilisks sat brooding in her look.
 A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
 And plumes of boding ravens were her bed.
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall,
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
 Volcanoes labour thus with inward pains,
 While seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.
 Around the fiend in hideous order sat
 Foul bauling infamy and bold Debate;
 Gruff Discontent, through ignorance mislead,
 And clamorous Faction at her party's head:
 Restless Sedition, still dissembling Fear,
 And sly Hypocrisy, with pious lear.

Glout-

Glouting with sullen spite the fury shook
 Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look.
 Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
 Where fame the acts of demi-gods inrolls.
 She blazens in dread smiles her hideous form;
 So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm.

Garth's Dispensary.

For the true condition of envy, is,
 Dolor alienæ fœlicitatis; to have
 Our eyes continually fix'd upon another
 Man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness,
 And to grieve at that. Whereas if we make
 His monstrous and abhorred actions our
 Object, the grief we take then comes nearer
 The nature of hate than envy; as being
 Bred out of a kind contempt and loathing
 In ourselves.

Johnson's every Man out of his Humour.

Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy—
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
 As if it fed you; and how sleek and wanton
 Y' appear in ev'ry thing may bring my ruin.
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice,
 You've christian warrant for them, and no doubt
 In time will find their fit rewards.

Shakespear's Henry VIII.

ERROR.

Oh hateful error, melancholy's child,
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not soon conceiv'd?
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

ETER-

E T E R N I T Y.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert: and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison and devour this frame,
 From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou shalt be: still, as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more,
 O endless thought, divine eternity!
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Gay's Miscellanies.

E V E N I N G.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea.
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
 Save that from yonder ivy mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain,
 Of such as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Gray's Elegy in a Church Yard.

Now when the plowman leaves the task of day,
 And, trudging homeward, whistles on the way,
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the stroaking of the damsel's hand:
 No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire.

When

When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
 Engag'd in thought to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day;
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides.
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below.
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,
 And o'er the distant billows lose my sight. *Gay.*

The evening star now lifts, as day-light fades,
 His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades;
 Stretch'd at his ease the weary lab'rer shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of human cares;
 At once in silence sink the sleeping gales,
 The masts they drop, and furl the flagging sails.

Broome.

How calm the evening! see the falling day
 Gilds ev'ry mountain with a ruddy ray!
 In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
 Salutes the flow'rs, and waves the trembling trees.

Broome.

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light;
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

Pope's Pastorals.

While from the sky the ruddy sun descends,
 And rising night the ev'ning shade extends:
 While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
 And closing flow'rs reviving odours yield;
 Let us beneath these spreading trees recite
 What from our hearts our muses may indite.

Mrs. Rowe.

Now to the main the burning sun descends,
 And sacred night her gloomy veil extends.

The

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The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day.

Addison.

Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down,
Amusive floats, the kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and cloath the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing that the joy mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves by that best language shewn,
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.

Onward they pass o'er many a painted hill
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and reverly to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whose ungentle fortune urg'd,
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost
inhabits.

Thompson's Seasons.

Now began

Night with her sullen wings to double shade
The desert, fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came out the woods to roam.

Milton's Paradise Regain'd.

The sun has lost his rage, his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth;
And vital lustre, that, with various ray,

Lights

Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
heav'n,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy.

Thompson's Seasons.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy that hill and valley rings.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

The sun
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars, that usher ev'ning, rose.
Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

EUNUCH.

Pleasure forsook his early infancy :
The luxury of others robb'd his cradle,
And ravish'd thence the promise of a man,
Cast out from nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest children claim by kind.

Dryden's All for Love.

EXAMPLE.

Shall I shew you
How more unfortunate you stand in sin,
Than does the private man ; all his offences,
Like inclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds ;
And when a man grows mis'erable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no farther charg'd, than with himself :

'Tis

'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness: but, great man,
 Ev'ry sin thou commit'st, shews like a flame
 Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about,
 And with a big wind made of popular breath,
 The sparkles fly through cities: here one takes,
 Another catches there, and in short time
 Wastes all to cinders: but remember still,
 What burnt the valleys first, came from the hill;
 Ev'ry offence draws his particular pain,
 But 'tis example proves the great man's ruin.
 The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
 Of an imperfect bill; for when such fall,
 Then comes example, and sums up the whole;
 And this your reason grants, if men of good lives,
 Who, by their virtuous actions, stir up others
 To noble and religious imitation,
 Receive the greater glory after death,
 As sin must needs confess; what may they feel
 In height of torments, and in weight of vengeance,
 Not only they themselves, not doing well,
 But set a light up to shew men to hell?

Middleton's Women beware Women.

Example is a living law, whose sway,
 Men more than all the written laws obey.

Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

When I am gone,
 Who shall take care to form their ductile minds,
 (Unprincipled as yet in virtue's school)
 To shew them Honour's path—to turn their steps
 From vice's flow'r-strew'd way?—say whose ex-
 ample,
 Bettering all precept, still shall shine before them,
 The fairest call to good.— *Harvard's Regulus.*

Example, that imperious dictator
 Of all that's good, or bad to human nature,

By

By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,
 Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;
 That reconciles all contrarieties,
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise.

Butler.

EXECRATION.

Then hear me, heav'n, and heav'n at his latest
 hour

Be deaf to him, as he is now to me.
 Ere from this war he turn a conqueror,
 Ye powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,
 Lest his black sins rise higher in account,
 Than hell has pains to punish.
 Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field,
 Heart's discontent, languid, and lean despair,
 With all the hells of guilt pursue thy steps for ever.

Cibber's Richard III.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofs:
 As a long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe my gentle earth:
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
 But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy gaited toads, lye in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee,
 Yield stinking nettles to mine enemies;
 And, when they from your bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Shakespeare's King Richard II.

Let

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Let heav'n kiss earth, now let Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die;
And let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingring act,
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain,
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

Shakespear's Henry IV. 2d Part.

Let ignominy brand thy hated name;
Let modest matrons at thy mention start:
And blushing virgins when they read our annals,
Skip o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend,
And blots the noble work.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

Blow winds until you crack your cheeks, rage, rage,
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks.

You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-curriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,
Crack nature's moulds, all germains spill at once,
That makes ingrateful man.

Shakespear's King Lear.

Hear, nature, hear, dear goddess, hear a father,
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:

Into her womb convey sterility,

Dry up in her the organs of increase,

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her. If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen, that it may live

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;

Let

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 With cadent tears, fret channels in her cheeks,
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt.
 That she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

EXHALATION.

Now by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, chequ'd,
 As up the middle sky unseen they steal,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 In rocky long division fills the view
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
 Varies the woods; the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress the sun
 Sheds weak and blunt his wide refracted ray;
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
 He frights the nations, indistinct on earth;
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear; and wildered o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic, till at last
 Wreath'd dim around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, fits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world, and mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.

Thompson's Seasons.

EXIST-

E X I S T E N C E.

To be, or not to be? that is the question.--
 Whether 'tis nobler, in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against affail of troubles,
 And by opposing end them?---to die,---to sleep
 No more, and by sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd: to die,---to sleep,---
 To sleep! perchance, to dream, ay, there's the
 rub---

For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
 Must give us pause---there's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of
 time,

Th' oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despised love, the laws delay,
 Th' insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?

But that the dread of something after death.
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others we know not of.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

E X.

EXPECTATION.

Now do I feel what women do who long
For pleasures unexperienc'd, and forbid
The want of what we wish to know, begets
Suspence; and that inflames the wild desire.

El. Haywood's Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.

How the time
Loiters in expectation! Then the mind
Drags the dead burthen of a hundred years
In one short moment's space—The nimble heart
Beats with impatient throbs—sick of delay
And pants to be at ease. *Havard's Regulus.*

When will occasion smile upon our wishes
And give the torture of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope,
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through our wither'd
limbs? *S. Johnson's Irene.*

With what an heavy and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wing of time.
Mason's Elfrida.

EXPEDITION.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury's herald for a king.
Shakespeare's Richard III.

If thou lov'st me.
Mount thy horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And

And here again ; that I may rest assur'd
Whether your troops are friends or enemies.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

EXPERIENCE.

—— He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutored in the world :
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

EXTREMES.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing ; therefore it
Is no mean happiness to be seated
In the mean ; superfluity comes sooner
By white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite ;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so :
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects ;
Extreme heat mortifies, like extreme cold ;
Extreme love breeds satiety, as well
As extreme hatred ; and too violent rigour
Tempts chastity as much, as too much licence.

Chapman's All Fools.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



